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GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF INDIANA, THE NOMINEE OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The leading feature of the current number of this charming juvenile is one of Howard Pyle's *popular fairy tales, entitled "The Three Fortunes," with five illustrations by the author. These tales easily take rank with the best of* Hans Christian Andersen *and the brothers* Grimm.

A most seasonable article full of practical hints is the first of three written by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club on "Safe Sail-Boats for Boys."

An illustrated article on the "Emperor and Crown-Prince of Germany" will be eagerly read just now.

George Makepeace Towle *writes most entertainingly of "Humphry Davy and the Safety-Lamp."*

Frank Dempster Sherman *contributes one of his exquisite bits of verse, entitled "Blossoms," and in every respect the paper continues to maintain its high standard of excellence.*

In the number of Harper's Bazar *published July 6th, will be begun a new serial story, entitled*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."

By WALTER BESANT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, June 30, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

In the next number of Harper's Weekly *will appear the first instalment of a serial story by* H. Rider Haggard, *entitled*

"COLONEL QUARITCH, V. C."

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

THE significant fact in the result at Chicago was the failure of the plan to renominate Mr. Blaine. The majority of the delegates undoubtedly preferred him, and the hope was entertained that a dead-lock would hold until his nomination should offer the solution. The plan seems to have been to show that the leading candidates could not secure the prize, and to save heart-burning by a plain demonstration of that fact. But the strong opposition to Mr. Blaine's candidacy as manifestly dangerous to the party was felt in the Convention. The feeling in regard to him which was expressed by the independent movement in 1884 has been constantly extending within the party, and while other considerations have arisen since 1884 which will affect the votes of the large body of independents, the defeat of the friends of Mr. Blaine in the endeavor to secure his nomination is an event upon which the country may be congratulated. Even the Blaine majority did not dare to risk the consequences within the party of insisting upon his nomination, and when, upon studying the situation, Mr. Blaine cabled that he earnestly requested his friends to respect his Paris letter, it was clear that he understood the drift, and so made his nomination impossible, because a stampede was out of the question.

Upon the platform into which the Convention had put Mr. Blaine, and which we consider elsewhere, it has placed General Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana. His name is known in political circles, but his personality is not familiar to the country. He is a man of high character, of excellent abilities, and a leader of the bar in Indiana. He was a brave soldier and a diligent Senator, and since the death of Mr. Morton he has been the Republican chief in his State. He was strongly urged as a candidate who would make Indiana sure for the Republicans, and he has been regarded as a safe man, who, if he could not arouse enthusiasm, would be a perfectly respectable representative of his party. Upon the issue of extreme protection he is in harmony with the platform. Upon the question of reform in the civil service we gather from a speech made by him in the Senate after the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland, in which he described the President's course in Indiana, that he condemned him not for removing his political opponents, but for pretending that such removals were made in the interest of reform. We are not aware of anything that General Harrison has said or done which shows that his administration would be governed in this respect by sound principles of reform.

As the representative of the platform which we describe elsewhere, no friend of a reduction of the surplus by moderating the tariff tax upon the necessaries of life and raw materials could support General Harrison unless he feared some grave peril from the success of Mr. Cleveland. This is an apprehension, however, which, although strong and natural in 1884, has now disappeared. Mr. Cleveland made his own platform in his message, and there has been nothing in his administration which has alarmed the business interests of the country. General Harrison appears in the canvass as the representative of high and higher protection, and of free whiskey and tobacco, rather than of a lighter duty upon any class of articles produced in this country. In other words, he is for an average tariff tax of 47 per cent. instead of 40 per cent., and of a profuse and consequently demoralizing expenditure of a surplus, instead of leaving it in the pockets of the tax-payers. His nomination promises a clean canvass. The offensive elements of personality which were prominent in the campaign of 1884 are happily eliminated, and we may fairly anticipate the discussion of principles and policies rather than an exchange of vituperation and scandals. This is a great gain for good politics, and in this respect the campaign of 1888 opens auspiciously. As we write the Convention is preparing for the nomination of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, upon which, therefore, we must defer our remarks until next week.

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

Republicans who were unable to support Mr. Blaine in 1884, and regarded his nomination as an unpleasant indication of the drift and changing character of the Republican party, can find little to reassure them in the general tone of the Chicago Convention. Its favorite orator was Governor Foraker, whose speeches evidently expressed the real spirit of the Convention. They were appeals to the passions of the old antislavery controversy and of the war, full of catchwords which were then significant, and which still kindle in some minds expiring prejudices and bitter recollections. They implied the practical disloyalty of the Democratic citizens of the Southern States, and breathed only the feeling of a time which happily is actually passed and which is excited again in a party Convention only to inflame party spirit to fury. The dominant sentiment of the Convention was shown even in the speeches which advocated the nomination of Judge Gresham. They implied the same spirit, and deferred to it. The Convention was a Blaine Convention, and Judge Gresham was the only anti-Blaine candidate—at least in the sense of his acceptability to that part of the party which is dissatisfied with the Blaine mastery. As the New York *Tribune* truly said, the Convention had put Mr. Blaine into its platform, and Judge Gresham was placed upon it by his friends. The significance of his personality was lost. His friends understood the situation.

The platform has the characteristics which would be inferred from these facts. Its central declaration is that of the uncompromising party devotion to the protection of American industry, as against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. This, however, is a plain misstatement of what the platform regards as the chief and vital issue of the election. The President says that the present tariff laws, which lay an immense burden of unnecessary taxation upon the country, resulting in a vast surplus which threatens every industry and business, "ought to be at once revised and amended." He adds, however, that the taxes of the tariff

"must be extensively continued as the source of the government's income, and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, as well as the preservation of our manufactures. It may be called protection or by any other name, but relief from the hardships and dangers of our present tariff laws should be devised with especial precaution against imperilling the existence of our manufacturing interests."

This is what the Democrats declare to be their platform, and this is not, as the Republican platform says, the destruction of American industry. On the contrary, the Republican platform of 1884 said:

"The Republican party pledges itself to correct the irregularities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus, not by the vicious and indiscriminating process of horizontal reductions, but by such methods as will relieve the tax-payer without injuring the laborer or the great productive interests of the country."

This is not essentially different from the President's statement. But the Republican platform of this year tolerates no tariff revision, and rather than lighten taxes upon clothing, tools, and the raw materials of industry, it would repeal the taxes upon tobacco and liquor, increase them upon all articles produced at home, and if that does not reduce the surplus, it would spend the surplus freely in many ways. This is putting Mr. Blaine into the platform with a vengeance. It is the most astounding proposition of the kind in our annals.

The platform demands effective legislation to secure a free vote in the Southern States, and attributes Mr. Cleveland's election to "suppression of the ballot." This is a statement which cannot be verified. That the vote is not free in certain districts is not doubted; but if the remedy lies, as we do not believe, in Congressional legislation, the Republican party is to blame for not providing the remedy in the days of its uncontested legislative supremacy. The only legislation thus far proposed is that of Senator Chandler, and no intelligent man can suppose that if his scheme should become law it would secure any greater freedom of the ballot than now exists. It is upon the other great question, that of civil service reform, that the platform becomes humorous. It quotes the admirable plank of 1884, upon which, however, Mr. Blaine was instantly placed in illustration of the sincerity of the declaration, and states that although the President is false, the Republican Administration will keep its pledges. Mr. Blaine was the Republican pledge of reform in 1884, and the Convention now reaffirms the declaration, and proclaims that the Republicans who refused to support that champion of reform, whose nomination in 1884 covered the party pledge with ridicule, deserted the cause of reform. This assertion was rapturously applauded, and undoubtedly it satisfied the antipathy of the Convention toward mugwumps. But no one can suppose that it was a Convention whose managers were interested in reform. Upon this point we see no reason to change our opinion that while the reform sentiment is stronger among Republicans than among Democrats, neither party, as such, really means a reform policy. Both parties are conscious of a rapidly increasing sentiment in favor of it, and therefore the Democratic managers make the most of Mr. Cleveland's interest in the subject, and the Republicans declare for it with an earnestness which the ascendency of Mr. Blaine illustrates. But in both parties the question of the tariff takes precedence of everything else. There are Republicans who with great reluctance supported the candidate in 1884, and who have been anticipating or, more truly, hoping from this Convention the indications of a purpose to revise the tariff in conformity with the views of Garfield and other leaders of large perception, of a purpose to win the confidence of the Southern States as a beginning of the relief of such wrongs upon the suffrage as now exist, and of a serious and honest purpose to reform the civil service. They will be disappointed with the reactionary result, and their disappointment will be expressed at the polls.

"BOODLE" POLITICS.

One of the most significant signs of the recent canvass for the Republican nomination at Chicago was the sudden prominence of the movement for Mr. Alger. Two months before, if the question had been asked of any group of intelligent men in this part of the country, "What do you think of Mr. Alger for President?" the reply would have been, universally, "Who is Mr. Alger?" Mr. Sherman and Mr. Allison and Mr. Harrison and Mr. Gresham and Mr. Depew were generally known, but who was Mr. Alger? To say that he had been Governor of Michigan would not have been a reply, nor that he had been a brave soldier of the Union. The country is full of good Governors and brave soldiers. Why should this particular one be selected for the Presidency? There could have been but one answer—because he is rich. Not only was this the only answer, but the fact of his wealth was openly proclaimed, and there were suggestive remarks about his care of "the boys," which implied that support of his candidacy would be well paid for. That Mr. Alger was responsible for the purely venal character given to his candidacy we do not suppose; under such circumstances, a man's friends are generally responsible. But the truth remains that a gentleman was seriously pressed for the Presidential nomination who would not have been thought of except for the fact that he was rich.

That the people who are called practical politicians should have supposed the election of such a candidate possible as against Mr. Cleveland shows the sagacity and value of practical politics. The issue would then have been simple, for it would have been merely honest public service against "boodle." Mr. Tilden was a rich man, and his "bar'l," justly or unjustly, was a by-word in the campaign of '76. But Mr. Tilden had been Governor of New York, and his energetic contest with the corrupt canal ring had given him a national reputation as a public man of ability and skill and courage. Great fun was made of his "bar'l," but nobody ever pretended to describe Mr. Tilden as a "boodle" candidate. But had Mr. Alger been nominated, could any other title have been given to him? There are thousands of excellent citizens of precisely the "claims" and qualifications of Mr. Alger for the Presidency. The difference between him and them is that he is rich and they are not.

It is undoubtedly true that every American citizen may aspire to the Presidency, and that a rich man is certainly not a worse man for that reason. But does this truth mean that a citizen may aspire to the Presidency because he is rich? And if a man is seriously urged for the nomination of a great party for that reason, is it not a confession of the utter degradation of politics, and, should the pressure be successful, of the total demoralization of the party which accepts such a candidate? The revelations of '84 in regard to the speculative and pecuniary relations of the candidate, followed just before the election by a great banquet of rich men to promote his success, were suggestive of a condition of the party which had not been suspected. That a "boodle" candidacy should have been strongly urged this year by conspicuous party leaders shows how deep the demoralization is. If the advice of these leaders had been heeded, and the Republican party's defeat in 1884 under a candidate believed to have trafficked in official opportunities had been followed by its defeat in 1888 under a "boodle" candidate, what could the party have done? Happily this candidacy was not successful. But that it was strongly urged and se-

riously entertained in a party which comprises so much of the patriotism, the intelligence, and the truly American sentiment of the country, is a startling illustration of the political drift. Lord MELBOURNE is reported to have said, "This d——d morality will ruin everything." But it would seem to have been very serviceable to the Republican party in preventing a "boodle" candidacy.

THE YOUNG GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE first words of the new Emperor of Germany were an address to the army and the navy. To the army he said:

"A firm and inviolable attachment to the war lord is an inheritance handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, and in the same way I refer you to my grandfather, who stands fresh in all your memories as the personification of the glorious and venerable war lord, such as could not be more finely conceived or in a form more speaking to the heart; I refer you to my beloved father, who as Crown-Prince already won a place of honor in the annals of the army; and to a long line of glorious ancestors, whose names shine brightly in history, and whose hearts beat warmly for the army. Thus we belong to each other—I and the army. Thus we were born for one another; and thus we will stand together in an indissoluble bond, in peace or storm, as God may will it."

Those are sorry words for the first expressions of a powerful ruler. They might have been expected naturally to refer to the welfare of the people, to the conditions of wise and humane progress, to indicate a policy of peace rather than of war. But the Emperor evidently regards himself first of all as a war lord. This is in accordance with the general anticipation. As we said last week, the whispered stories of him represent a character far from amiable or promising —an arbitrary, impatient, and sullen man, whose relations with his mother are believed not to have been affectionate or conciliatory. For the present, however, the ascendency of BISMARCK will be probably unquestioned, and the influence of the good FREDERICK'S memory and pathetic story will necessarily moderate the zeal of the young Emperor.

Undoubtedly it is the fundamental condition of the BISMARCK policy that Germany should be a military empire, and it is true that it is armed Germany which has kept and keeps the peace of Europe. But it is the armed nation rather than the army in the sense in which the new Emperor uses the words which performs this great service. FREDERICK was a brave and able soldier, but he was not distinctively a soldier. King WILLIAM the Third of England was also a soldier and a skilful general, but the military element was always subordinate. The young German Emperor shows signs of a distinctive military character, like NAPOLEON or FREDERICK the Great. The military spirit is very different from that of the statesmanship which knows the essential necessity of a powerful army to the prosecution of great and peaceful policies. In Prussia, moreover, the military spirit has always a great incentive in the recollection of the national prostration nearly ninety years ago under the sword of NAPOLEON. That impressed indelibly upon the German mind the necessity of a powerful military organization for a nation with Russia upon one side and France upon the other.

The character of WILLIAM II. and the age of BISMARCK and VON MOLTKE naturally produce apprehension in regard to the continuance of the European situation. In his address to the people WILLIAM says that he has vowed to be a just and clement Prince after the manner of his fathers, which leaves a large latitude of interpretation of justice and clemency. He promises also to protect the public peace and promote the public welfare. The young Emperor ought not to be prejudged, but regret for the dead Emperor FREDERICK will be deepened by the uncertainty which follows. His liberal sympathies, his openness to the spirit of the age, the spiritual discipline of long and mortal suffering, gave promise of a wise and progressive policy which should satisfy the long-cherished desire of intelligent Germany for truly constitutional government. There is no people more generally educated, and it has been always the tendency of German education to beget the desire of free institutions. The universities have been nurseries of liberalism, and although the Holy Alliance and the later royal reigns in Prussia disappointed the expectation of a constitutional system, the feeling has remained, and the Emperor FREDERICK was doubtless in sympathy with its spirit. At least the Prussians will always believe it, and hold that the good FREDERICK would have led them into the promised land.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

AT the late annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, the platform, as heretofore, strongly favored an enlargement of the classified service, and especially an application of the rules to the Indian Department, in which, according to the reports of the Indian Rights Association, based upon personal and unprejudiced observation, the familiar political "abuse of the service runs riot, to the disgrace of the American name." The resignation of the Indian Commissioner affords an opportunity for a change of this situation. But it would not be effected by the promotion of the present deputy, who is held largely responsible for the wretched condition of the service. In a long and careful interview, Mr. HERBERT WELSH recently supplemented the statements of Professor PAINTER'S report, to which we have alluded, by a general survey of the field. Mr. WELSH, the President of the Indian Rights Association, is practically familiar, by long and frequent personal observation and inquiry, with the whole Indian question. Like Bishop HARE, he has devoted himself to it with an earnestness, intelligence, and singleheartedness which give the greatest value to his criticisms and suggestions, and when he says that "the service has been confided to narrow and greedy partisans, whose selfish policy has brought it to a condition of deplorable degradation," he cannot be suspected of misrepresentation, and is undoubtedly stating the fact.

He sustains his charge by an array of details which show the imperative need of prompt and thorough reform. Incapacity, ignorance, and immorality appear on every hand, and Mr. WELSH has not confined himself merely to the publication of them. He has made personal representations to the Administration, and whatever other advice upon the subject it may have had, it has certainly had none better worth heeding. We do not mean, nor does Mr. WELSH assert, that the ill condition of the Indian service began with this Administration. It has long been a national reproach and shame. Lying not only beyond the range of familiar observation, but beyond general interest or sympathy, and peculiarly susceptible of abuse, the Indian service has been at the mercy of venal politics and fraud and inhumanity and wrong of many kinds, and its reform could not be the work of a day. But if the Administration found the evils, it has apparently not only not begun to remedy them, but has rather permitted them to increase, until it is a fair question whether the situation is not worse than it was under Republican control. Yet the President in his inaugural address stated the true principles of administration in the Indian service, and encouraged a hope, which has been thus far disappointed, that the situation would be improved.

The appointment of a successor to Mr. ATKINS is a subject of very great importance. The Indian Commissioner is the depositary of the good faith of the government toward its most helpless wards, who have been continuously and systematically outraged for a very long time. President GRANT, who had seen as a young officer upon the frontier the contrast between our treatment of the Indians and that of the Canadians, said that the Canadians treated them honorably, while we did not; and he added that Indians were men like the rest of us, and resented shameful wrongs like other men. The organized voluntary movement of aid to the Indians, which is comparatively a very recent enterprise, and which, under the wise and friendly leadership of Senator DAWES in Congress, has already accomplished admirable results, had counted upon the co-operation of the Administration. The transfer of Mr. OBERLY from the Superintendency of Indian Schools to the Civil Service Commission was in its results a serious blow to this anticipation, for Mr. OBERLY'S upright purpose, energy, sagacity, and industry would have been of great value in the Indian service. Mr. OBERLY is a Democrat anxious for the welfare of his party, but his action as a Civil Service Commissioner shows his high public spirit and his fidelity to public duty. Had such a man been at the head of the Indian Department, the good name of the Administration in its Indian relations would not have suffered as it suffers now.

THE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of the Emperor FREDERICK was as simple as he desired it to be, and no monarch was ever buried amid sincerer sorrow, admiration, and affection. The last months of his life, not only in his own heroic patience and endurance and his noble constancy to duty, but in the profound and pathetic sympathy of the world, were a signal triumph of character over circumstance. Imperial pomp and splendid tradition and all the glittering state of royalty did not affect or touch the sympathy of all classes of people and of all countries with the simple manliness of the man.

The ceremony of the obsequies was full of the same sincerity. There was no formality of grief, but evidently an honesty of sorrow which was deeply impressive. Doubtless the love and reverence which FREDERICK has inspired, the fact that from the first knowledge of his terrible and fatal malady

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,"

will not only give a great opportunity to his son, but will soften the heart of the people toward the monarchy itself. If a race of FREDERICKS were secure, if that wisdom, sympathy, high purpose, noble sense of responsibility, and consecration to duty were continued by hereditary succession, who would quarrel longer with kings and crowns?

But something of the grief with which the death of FREDERICK is regarded is due to the pathetic feeling of "it might have been," and to the doubt which now falls upon the future of his country. The natural grief of a son for his dead father, the solemn consciousness of sudden and vast responsibility, will not essentially change the young man who now wears the crown. But whoever may wear it, whoever may sit upon the throne, both crown and throne have been invested with a nobler character, and by the worth of FREDERICK all his successors will be measured.

PENAL DISCIPLINE.

ONE of the excellent societies which assemble experts in a vital department of the public service, that of prisons, holds its annual meeting this year in Boston, beginning on the evening of July 14th, and continuing until Thursday noon of the following week. On the first evening addresses of welcome will be made by the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city, by ex-Governor ROBINSON, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and Judge DEVENS, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, and the annual address will be delivered by ex-President HAYES. On the 15th of July the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS will preach the annual sermon, and the following days will be devoted to papers upon various questions of penal discipline, industries, organization, law reform, and other cognate topics.

The value of such a congress is that it makes public the results of the experience and thought of the most devoted practical students of the subject, who speak with an authority which no one else can command. Upon every doubtful point there is a comparison of views, and the published papers of the congress enable every citizen to comprehend the value of a hundred suggestions of penal legislation which appear every year in the Legislature of every State.

In a congress of experts the moral and reformatory aspects of the subject, as well as the economical, are fully presented. There is a strong public feeling that criminals are "no good," that their reformation is a sentimental chimera, and that the practical course is to make them as useful to the public as possible. But, on the other hand, in the effort to avoid a sentimental policy, this kind of "practical" man is in danger of transforming jails and prisons into schools and hot-beds of crime, and making them not only a great expense to the public, but public nuisances and sores. Penal science deserves the name, for long and sagacious study of criminals has developed a system of penal treatment which is the best, and therefore the most economical, for the State. We have no doubt that the annual meeting in Boston will be one of great public interest and value.

EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION.

DR. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW, the indefatigable Vice-President for America of the Egypt Exploration Fund, issues a glowing appeal for a fund to enable a competent American student to aid in the work. The English student has already gained distinction among archæological explorers, and has rendered notable services to science. Mr. F. B. GODDARD, of Harvard, who has the approval of Professor NORTON, the President of the Archæological Institute of America, our highest authority upon the subject, has already shown his fitness for the service, and he will have the benefit of special preliminary studies at the British Museum and the Louvre. An "American Student Fund" of one thousand dollars for the year's expense is wanted, and the Archæological Institute contributes one hundred dollars. Subscriptions of five dollars and more will be gladly received by Dr. WINSLOW for this purpose, and he reminds the general subscribers to the Egyptian Fund that the annual payment is now due.

PERSONAL.

THE celebration of the Fourth of July in the Connecticut woods at Woodstock this year is to be notable for the reading of an original poem by WHITTIER. HANNIBAL HAMLIN and CLINTON B. FISK are on the list of speakers.

—Italy's government recognizes duels as lawful under certain circumstances, but finding that many men accepted challenges only because they feared being called cowards, a new law has been passed which inflicts a heavy fine upon any Italian who uses such an epithet.

—Dr. ALLANSAN, of London, is distinguishing himself by raising a fund to establish a vegetarian hospital in that city. Animal food in no form will be allowed in this hospital. Something of the earnestness of the English vegetarians is shown in the fact that several thousand dollars have been promptly subscribed toward making the project a success.

—Thirty thousand dollars was voted by Congress the other day for firing morning and evening salutes to the flag, which brings out the curious fact that the powder left over from the war lasted just twenty-three years. The last barrel was used early last spring, since when no salutes have been fired at any military posts except West Point, Fort Monroe, and Fort Riley.

—An English scientific journal, with a weakness for things curious, finds that of twenty-three distinguished men whose actual brain weights are known, four were below the average, "showing," says this authority, "that a well-constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ."

—SARA BERNHARDT, whose incomes lately have been bigger than ever before, is in a row with her creditors once more, and another sale of her effects to pay her debts is in prospect.

—A scientific paper has been started in Paris with the novel feature of publishing nothing not written by a woman.

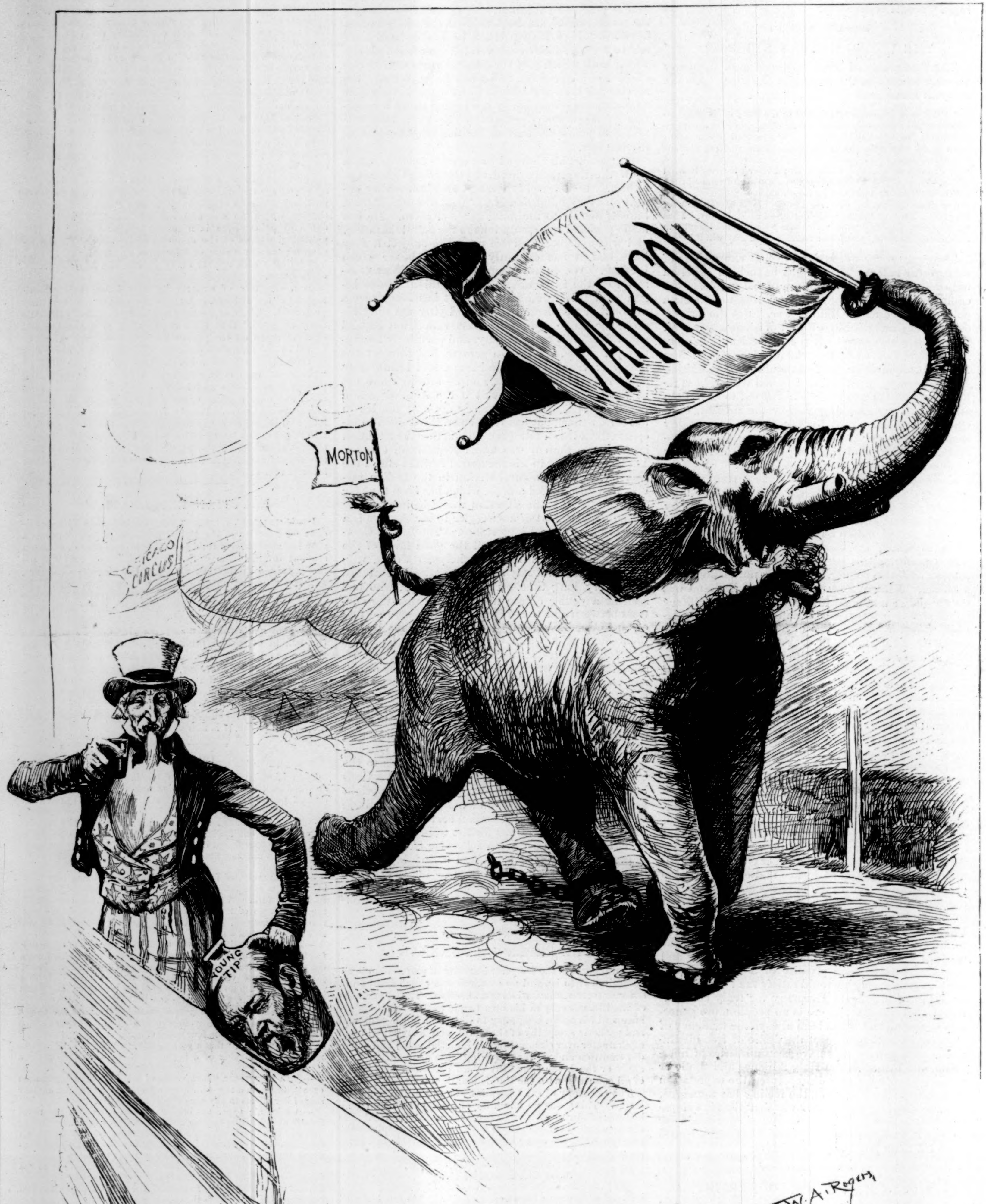
—At Oak View, President CLEVELAND'S country home, an American flag is floating from a tall staff, with a flaming red bandanna flapping right under it. This is Mrs. CLEVELAND'S scheme.

—Germany's new Emperor has celebrated his coming to the throne by expelling French newspaper correspondents from Berlin, and by snubbing Dr. MACKENZIE, the English physician who had charge in his father's illness.

—FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, in the height of his glory spent $100,000 upon a house, which he has now had to be sacrificed at a fifth of its cost.

—Judge THURMAN is to honor New York with a visit after calling upon President CLEVELAND, and his friends are promising that he will end all the talk about his physical weakness by going upon the stump during the campaign.

—For four years Dr. MARY WILLETS has been seeking admittance to the Philadelphia County Medical Society, but the men have voted her application down every time on account of her sex. There has been no question of her skill and knowledge, and now the brethren, wheeling gallantly into line, have finally received her into fellowship.



"BROKEN LOOSE."

A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER X.

MAJOR ABBOT'S stay in Boston is but brief. He had a hurried conference with the police late at night, after his painful interview with Miss Winthrop, and there is lively effort on the part of those officials to run down the bulky stranger to whom she had intrusted that packet. There has been a family conference, too, between the elders of the households of Abbot and Winthrop, and the engagement is at an end. Coming in suddenly from his club, Mr. Winthrop entered the parlor immediately after the receipt of the telegram, and he is overwhelmed with consternation at the condition of affairs. He has insisted on a full statement from Viva's lips, and to her mother the story has been told. She withholds no point that is at all material, for her pride has been humbled to the dust in the revelation that has come to her. She is not the first woman, nor is she at all liable to be the last, to undertake the task of championing a man against the verdict of his associates, and the story is simple enough. With his sad, subdued manner, his air of patient suffering, and his unobtrusive but unerring attentions, Mr. Hollins had succeeded in making a deep impression while they were abroad. Not that her heart was involved—she protests against that—but her sympathy, her pity, was aroused. He had never inflicted his confidences upon her, but had deftly managed to rouse her curiosity, and make her question. By the time they returned to America she believed him to be a sensitive gentleman, poor, talented, struggling, and yet burdened with the support of helpless relatives, too distant of kin for her father's notice. She had come back all aflame with patriotic fervor too; and his glowing words and soldierly longings had inspired her with the belief that here was a man who only needed a start and fair treatment to enable him to rise to distinction in his country's service. Through her father's influence he was commissioned in the —th, then being organized, and in her friendship she had sought to make his path easy for him. But he was certainly deep in her confidence even then, and shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He had frequently written before, and it was not unnatural he should write after the regiment left for the front—letters which intimated that he was far from content among his associates, which hinted at distress of mind because he daily saw and heard of things which would cause bitter sorrow to those who had the right to command his most faithful services. He had shown deep emotion when informed of her engagement to Mr. Abbot, and it was hard to confess this. It soon became apparent to her that he desired her to understand that he deeply loved her, and was deterred only by his poverty from seeking her hand. Then came letters that were constructed with a skill that would have excited the envy of an Iago, hinting at other correspondences on the part of Mr. Abbot, and of neglects and infidelities that made her proud heart sore. Still there were no direct accusations; but, taken in connection with the long periods of apparent silence on his part, and the unloverlike tone of his letters when they reached her, the hints went far to convince her that she had promised her hand to a careless and indifferent wooer. This palliated in her mind the disloyalty of which she was guilty toward him, and at last, in the summer just gone, she had actually written to Mr. Hollins for proofs of his assertions. For a long time—for weeks—he seemed to hold back, but at last there came three letters, written in a pretty, girlish hand. She shrank from opening them, but Mr. Hollins, in his accompanying lines, simply bade her have no such compunction. They had been read by half a dozen men in camp already, and the girl was some village belle who possibly knew no better. She did read just ten lines of one of them, and was shamed at her act as she was incensed at her false *fiancé*. The ten lines were sweet, pure, maidenly words of trust and gratitude for his praise of her heroic brother; and in them and through them it was easy for the woman nature to read the budding love of a warm-hearted and innocent girl.

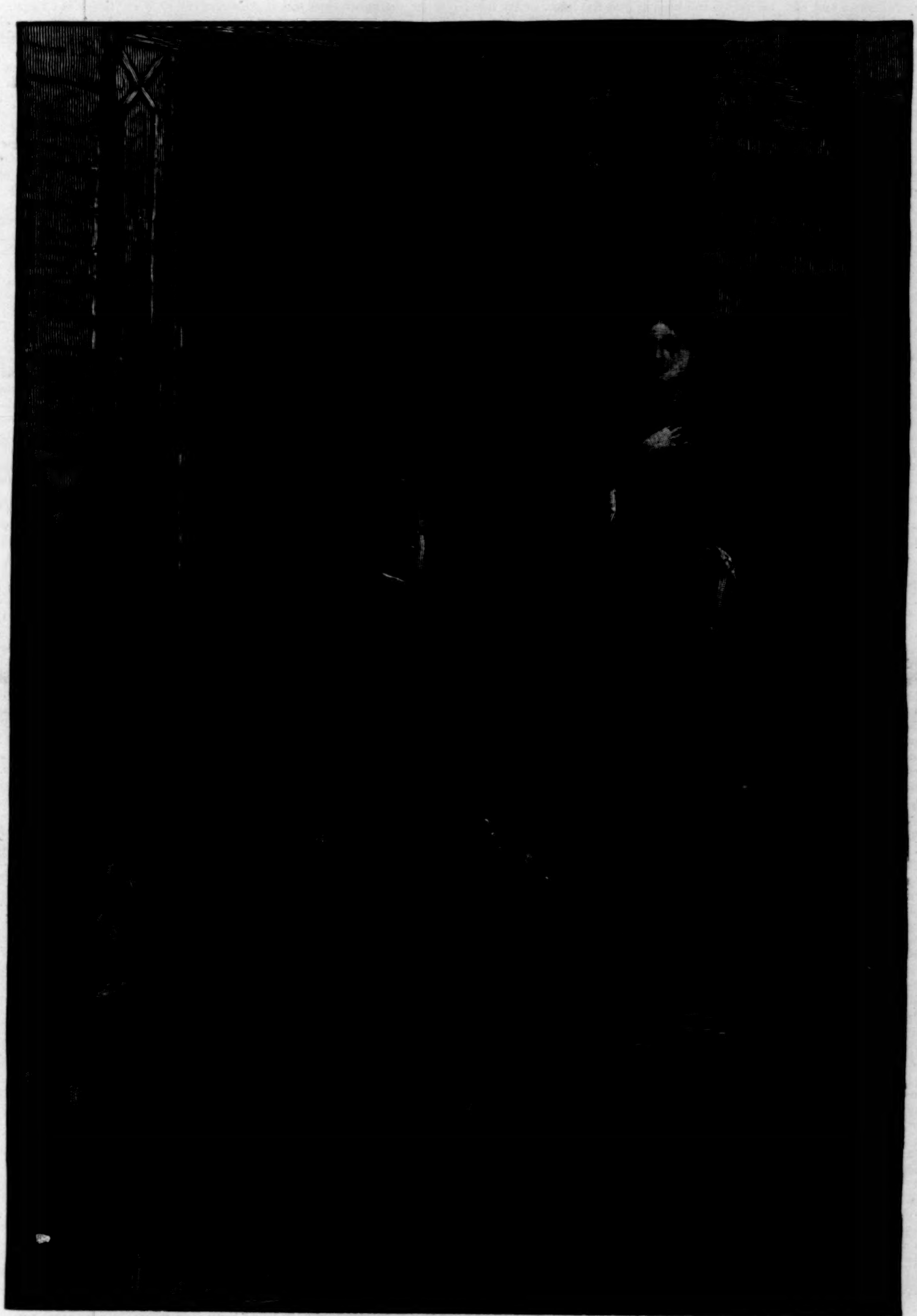
This roused her wrath, and would have led to denunciation of him, but for the news of his wounds and danger. Then came other letters from Hollins, hinting at troubles in which he was involved; and then, right after Antietam, he seemed to cease to write for a fortnight, and his next letter spoke of total change in all his prospects—resignation from the service, serious illness, possibly permanently impaired health, and then of suffering and want. A foul accusation had been trumped up against him by enemies in the regiment; he was alleged to have stolen letters belonging to officers. In part it was true. He had bribed a servant to get those three letters which he sent her, that she might be saved from the fate that he dreaded for her. It was for her sake he had sinned; and now he implored her to keep his secret, and to return to him all his letters on that subject, as well as those he had sent as proofs. He dare not trust them to the mails, but a faithful friend, though a poor man like himself, would come with a note from him, and he would be a trusty bearer. The friend had come but the morning of Abbot's arrival. He humbly rang at the basement door; sent up a note; and, recognizing Hollins's writing, she had gone down and questioned him. He sadly told her that the quartermaster was in great trouble. "His enemies had conspired against him;" his money accounts were involved, and there lay the great difficulty. Mr. Hollins would never forgive him, said the man, if he knew he was hinting at such a thing, but what he needed to help him out of his trouble was money. It made her suspicious, but she re-read the note. "He is devoted to me, and perfectly reliable. I have cared for him and his sister from childhood. Do not fear to trust the letters, or anything you may write, to him."

Mr. Hollins was too proud ever to ask for money, and could not contemplate the possibility of its being asked in his behalf, she argued. But if anything she might write was to be trusted to the messenger, surely she could trust his statements, and so she questioned eagerly. The bearer thought a thousand dollars might be enough to straighten everything, and she bade him be at the front of the house that night by half after ten, to bring her a little packet he spoke of as having received from Hollins—her own letters to him—and the money would be ready. There was something about the man's face and carriage that was familiar. She could not tell where she had seen him, but felt sure that she had, and it seemed to her that it was in uniform. But he denied having ever been in service, and seemed to shrink into shadow as though alarmed at the idea. During the day she got the money from the bank, and gave it as Abbot saw, and then when the telegram came it all flashed across her—the messenger was indeed Rix. Rix was a deserter beyond all peradventure. Then, doubtless, she was all wrong and Abbot all right as to the real status of Mr. Hollins. No wonder she was overwhelmed.

But in all her self-abasement and distress of mind Viva Winthrop was clear-headed on the question of the dissolution of that engagement. "He does not love me, and I do not deserve that he should," was her epitome of the situation. "It will cause him no sorrow now, and it must be ended." And it was. He called and asked to see her, if she felt well enough to receive him; he acquiesced in her decision, but he wanted to part as friends. She begged to be excused, explaining that she had not left her rooms since the night of his arrival, which was true. And now, with a heart that beats more joyously despite the major's proper and conscientious effort to believe that he is not happier in his freedom, he is hastening back to the front, for his orders have come.

Two things remain to be attended to before reporting for duty. He makes every effort to find Hollins's hiding-place, but without avail. Miss Winthrop tells him that beyond the postmark, Baltimore, there is not a clew in any of the letters, and that they have ceased coming entirely. Rix made no mention beyond saying that he was in Baltimore among people who would guard him, and Rix himself has gone—no man can say whither.

The other matter is one to which he hastens with eager heart. Twice he has written to Dr. Warren since their parting at Washington, and he has asked permission to call upon them at Hastings before returning. His orders come before any reply. He therefore writes to Hastings the day before he leaves home, begging that a telegram be sent to meet him at the Metropolitan, the war-time rendezvous of army men when in New York on leave, and his face is blank with disappointment when the clerk tells him that no telegram has been received. He has a day at his disposal, and he loses no time, but goes up the river by an afternoon train, and returns by the evening "accommodation" with uneasy heart. Dr. Warren and Miss Bessie had not yet come back, was the news that met him at the pretty little homestead. The doctor had been ill in Washington, and when he was well enough to start, the young lady was suddenly taken down. Abbot is vaguely worried. He anxiously questions the kindly old housekeeper, and draws from her all that she knows. She is looking for letters any moment; but the last one was from Willard's, four days since, saying they would have to stay. Miss Bessie was suddenly taken ill. Won't the gentleman come in? and she will get the letter. He takes off his cloak and forage-cap, and steps reverently into the little sitting-room, wherein every object is bathed in the sunshine of late afternoon, and everywhere he sees traces of her handiwork. There on the wall is Guthrie's picture; there hangs his honored sword and the sash he wore when he led the charge at Seven Pines. With the soldier spirit in his heart, with the thrill of sympathy and comradeship that makes all brave men kin, Abbot stands before that silent presentment of the man he knew at college, and slowly stretches forth his hand and reverently touches the sword-hilt of the buried officer. He is not unworthy; he, too, has led in daring charge, and borne his country's flag through a hell of carnage. They are brothers in arms, though one be gathered already into the innumerable host beyond the grave. They are comrades in spirit, though since college days no word has ever passed between them, and Abbot's eyes fill with emotion he cannot repress as he thinks how bitter a loss this son and brother has been to the stricken old father and fragile sister. Ah! could he but have known, that day on the Monocacy; could he but have read the truth in the old man's eyes, and accepted as a fact his share of that mysterious correspondence rather than have un-



"THEN A YOUNG SOLDIER IN HIS STAFF UNIFORM TAKES THREE SPRINGING STEPS, AND IS AT HER SIDE."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly, No. 1639.

willingly dealt so cruel a blow! His lips move in a short, silent prayer, that seems to well up from his very heart; and then the house-keeper is at his side, and here is the doctor's letter. It is too meagre of detail for his anxiety. He reads it twice, but it is all too brief and bare. He is recalled to himself again. The house-keeper begs pardon, but she is sure this must be Mr. Abbot, whose letters were so eagerly watched for all the time before they went away. She had heard in the village he was killed, and she is all aquiver now, as he can see, with excitement and suppressed feeling at his resurrection. Yes, this is Mr. Abbot, he tells her, and he is going straight to Washington that he may find them. And she shows him pictures of Bessie in her girlhood, Bessie at school, Bessie in the bonnie dress she wore at the Soldiers' Fair. Yes, he remembers having seen that very group before, at Edwards Ferry, before Ball's Bluff. She prattles about Bessie, and of Bessie's going for his letters, and how she cried over them. He is all sympathy, and bids her say on as he moves about the room, touching little odds and ends that he knows must be hers; and he is loath to go, but eager too, since it is to carry him back to her. He writes a few lines on a card to tell them of his visit and his orders, should they fail to meet; he begs the doctor to write, and warns him that he must expect frequent letters; and then, with one long look about the sunlit, love-haunted room, with one appeal for brotherly sympathy in his parting gaze at Guthrie Warren's picture, he strides back to the station, and by sunrise of another day is hurrying to Washington. In his breast pocket he carries the compact little wad of letters, all addressed to himself, all written in her own delicate and dainty hand, yet sealed from his eyes as securely as though locked in casket of steel. Though he longs inexpressibly to read their pages and to better know the gentle soul that has so suddenly come into his life, they are not his to open. What would he not give for one moment face to face with the man who had lured and tricked her—and with his name!

They are not at Willard's, says the clerk, when Major Abbot arrives and makes his inquiries. The doctor paid his bill that morning and they were driven away, but he does not think they left town. Yes, telegrams and letters both had come for the doctor, and the young lady had been confined to her room a few days, and was hardly well enough to be journeying now. Abbot's orders require him to report at the War Department on the following day, and he cannot go to rest until he has found their hiding-place. Something tells him that she has at last discovered the fraud of which she has been made the victim, and he longs to find her—longs to tell her that if the real Paul Abbot can only be accepted in lieu of the imaginary, there need be no break in that strange correspondence; he is ready to endorse anything his fraudulent double may have written, provided it be only love and loyalty to her.

It is late at night before he has succeeded in finding the hack-driver who took them away, and by him is driven to the house wherein they have sought refuge. All distressed as he is at thought of their fleeing from him, Paul Abbot finds it sweet to sit in the carriage which less than twelve hours ago bore her over these self-same dusty streets. He bids the hackman rein up when he gets to the corner, and wait for him. Then he pushes forward to reconnoitre. Lights are burning in many rooms, but the neighborhood is very silent. Far down an intersecting avenue the band of some regiment is serenading a distinguished Senator or Representative from the State from which they hail, and Abbot can hear the cheers with which the great man is greeted as he comes forth to tender his acknowledgments, and invite the officers and such of his fellow-citizens as may honor him to step in and "have something." It is a windy night in late October. The leaves are whirling in dusty spirals and shutters bang with unmelodious emphasis, and all the world seems dreary; yet to him, with love lighting the way, with the knowledge that the girl he has learned to worship is here within these dull brick walls, there is a thrill and vigor in every nerve. No light burns in the hallway; none in the lower floor of the number to which he has been directed. He well knows it is too late to call, even to inquire for them, but the army has moved, and at last is pushing southward again, feeling its way along the Blue Ridge, and he so well knows that the morrow must send him forward to resume his duties. If he cannot see *her*, it will be comfort, at least, to see her father. He is half disposed to ring and ask for him when a figure comes around a neighboring corner and bears slowly down upon him. The night lamps are dull and flickering and the stranger is a mere shadow. Where Major Abbot stands enveloped in the cloak-cape of his army overcoat there is no light at all. Whoever may be the approaching party, he has the disadvantage of being partially visible to a watcher whose presence he cannot be aware of until close at hand. When he has come some yards farther, Abbot is in no doubt as to his identity, and steps forward to greet him.

"Dr. Warren, I am so glad to have found you, for I must hurry after the army to-morrow, and only reached Washington this evening. Tell me, how is Miss Bessie?"

The doctor is startled, as a matter of course, but there is something in the young soldier's directness that pleases him. Perhaps he is pleased, too, to know that his own views are correct, and that the moment Paul Abbot reached Washington he has come in search of them. He takes the proffered hand and holds it—or rather finds his firmly held.

"Bessie has been ill, but is better, major; and how did you leave them all at home? I have just been taking a walk of two or three blocks before turning in. Fresh air is something I cannot do without. How did you find us?"

"By hunting up your hackman. I was grievously disappointed at not finding you at Hastings, where I went first, or here at Willard's. Did you not get my letters and telegrams?"

"They were forwarded, and came last night."

"Then you moved this morning to avoid me, doctor. Does it mean that I am to be punished for another man's crime? Guthrie's picture had no such unfriendly welcome for me, and I do not believe you want to hide her from me. Tell me what it is that makes Bessie avoid me of her own accord. Has she heard the truth about the old letters?"

Dr. Warren is silent a moment, looking up into the young soldier's face. Then he more firmly grasps his hand.

"I do *not want* to avoid you, Abbot, but it is only natural that now she should find it hard to meet you. Three days after you left she caught me fairly, and finding that the letter in my hand was yours, she instantly noted the difference between the writing and that of the letters that came to her at home. Something else had roused her suspicions, and I had to tell her that there had been trickery, and she would have no half-way explanation. She probed and questioned with a wit as keen as any lawyer's. She made me confess that that was why I told her Paul Abbot was dead when I got back to her at Frederick. He was dead to us. And so, little by little, it all came out, and she was simply stunned for a while. It made her too ill to admit of our travelling, and she made me tell her when you were expected back, and bring her here. In a day or two we will start homeward."

"And meantime I shall have had to start for the front. Dr. Warren, give her this little package—her own letters. Tell her that I have read no line of one of these, but that, until I can win for myself letters in her dear hand, there will be no peace or happiness for me. These are the letters that were sent to you at Frederick, with a few remorseful lines, from the scoundrel who wrought all the trouble. His original motive was simply to injure me, in the hope that he might profit by it. He sought to break an engagement of marriage that existed between me and Miss Winthrop of Boston. Before he succeeded in making this breach it is my belief that he had become so touched and charmed by the letters she wrote that even his craven heart was turned to see its own baseness. He had every opportunity of tampering with our mail. He felt, when I was left wounded at the Monocacy, that that would end the play; and then, in his despair and remorse, he deserted. He was around Frederick a day or two in disguise, and sought to see you and her. Failing in that, he sent you by the landlady the packet that was afterward taken from your overcoat by the secret service men; and the next thing he came within an ace of being captured by his own colonel. Escaping, he was believed to be a rebel spy, and so implicated you. It was to search for him I was sent to Boston There Miss Winthrop formally broke our engagement, and I would be a free man to-day, doctor, but for your daughter; and now it is not freedom I seek, but a tie that only death can break. You came to Paul Abbot when you thought him sorely wounded, and she came with you. Now that he is sore stricken he comes to you. If it will pain her I will ask no meeting now, but don't you think I owe her a good many letters, doctor? Won't you let me pay that debt?"

It is a long speech for Abbot, but his heart is full. The old gentleman's sad face seems to thaw and beam under the influence of his frank avowal and that winning plea. Abbot has held forth his other hand, and there the two men stand, both trembling a little, under the influence of a deep and holy emotion, clasping each other's hands and looking into each other's face. They are at the very door-step of the old-fashioned boarding-house which was so characteristic a feature of the capital in the war days. The door itself is but a few arms'-lengths away, and all of a sudden it softly opens, and, with a light mantle thrown over her shoulders, a tall, slender, graceful girl comes forth upon the narrow porch.

"Is that you, papa? I heard your step, and wondered why you remained outside. Was the door locked?"

There is an instant of silence. Then a young soldier, in his staff uniform, takes three quick, springing steps, and is at her side. The doctor seems bent on further search for fresh air, for he turns away with a murmured word to his trembling companion, and Bessie Warren finds it impossible to retreat. Major Abbot has seized her hand, and is saying—she hardly hears, she hardly knows what. But it is all so sudden; it is all so sweet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention was in session for six days. The delegates began to reach Chicago more than a week before the day fixed for the meeting of the Convention. There was a strong desire among them to get together for consultation. Mr. BLAINE'S Florence and Paris letters set most of them adrift, and there was a good deal of anxiety to ascertain the tendency of sentiment, whether it made for this or that favorite son, or whether any of the "booms" possessed the staying qualities essential to ultimate success. Naturally, if Mr. BLAINE was really out of the contest, and was not to be named under any circumstances, Senator SHERMAN had the largest following; but while the movement in his behalf had much of promise in it, there were elements of weakness which made his success problematical. His own State delegation was suspected of lukewarmness, to say the least, and there was such a decided hostility manifested by the Pacific coast that the delegates from that part of the country openly threatened that the Republican party would lose the electoral vote of both California and Nevada if Mr. SHERMAN should be nominated. The Ohio Senator's candidacy was based entirely on his long record in public life, and on his fidelity to the Republican party. After him came Mr. GRESHAM, Mr. DEPEW, ex-Senator HARRISON, and then Mr. ALGER, of Michigan, Mr. ALLISON, of Iowa, and the others. The friends of these candidates gathered in Chicago, and undertook to make converts. They had "head-quarters" at the hotels, and filled their rooms with pictures of their candidates and with smoke and shouting. But although the delegates reached the scene of the struggle very early, the crowds that usually gather about a National Convention did not make their appearance until very nearly the day appointed for assembling. The feeling for any particular candidate did not make way among other delegates than the representatives of his own State or those who were pledged to him before they started for Chicago. When a cheer was proposed it was very likely to be responded to by the proposer alone. There was very little enthusiasm for the men with "booms," but there was a belief among both the delegates and the lookers-on that the name of BLAINE would supply what was wanting. It was a meeting of politicians, and there prevailed at first that kind of politicians who, to use the words of one of them, "believed in politics, and that politics should direct the nomination." This was uttered in answer to an argument in behalf of Judge GRESHAM on the ground of his character and fitness.

It was not only an unusual Convention for the Republican party—it was unique. In all its history the party had not held a Convention when there was not a hard struggle between two or more prominent leaders, concerning each of whom there was a vast deal of enthusiasm, or when the leader and the occasion had not come together beyond dispute. LINCOLN in 1864 and GRANT in 1868 and 1872 were accepted as candidates without serious controversy. It is true that only once in other years did one of the two leading candidates prevail. LINCOLN, starting low in the balloting, won in 1860, HAYES in 1876 against BLAINE and BRISTOW, and GARFIELD was nominated in 1880 instead of BLAINE or GRANT. It was only in 1884 that the man who began the contest at the head won at the end of the contest. In all these contests, however, the leaders were so evenly matched, the preliminary canvasses had been conducted with such vigor, and the differences between the prominent candidates and their adherents were so pronounced, that the streets of the Convention city were filled with shouting multitudes, while the air was whipped into activity by blaring bands of brass. It was all very different this year at Chicago. But there were signs of an enthusiasm that broke out later into cries for BLAINE. The delegates from the Pacific coast went to Chicago determined to vote for him. One of their number had even prepared a speech by which he was to be placed in nomination. The men who had been long known as the closest friends of Mr. BLAINE began to express the opinion that the Convention could not agree on any one but their favorite. A professed friend of Judge GRESHAM quarrelled with the keeper of a hotel because the latter declined to permit him to put a picture of Mr. BLAINE in the vestibule of his house. White ostrich feathers began to appear in the hats of men, women, and children. They were the symbols of the "plumed knight," and were frequently cheered by the sympathetic populace. It was even discovered that on the reverse of HARRISON, ALGER, and other badges was the picture of Mr. BLAINE, with the legend, "For President, JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine." Everything was ready for the stampede when the time should come and the word be given. "The air is full of BLAINE," said some one, who probably wished that his own enthusiasm should become general.

The Convention met on Tuesday, the 19th, in the Auditorium, a large unfinished building designed for great meetings and entertainments. It is expected to be able to seat 7000 people. Temporary roofing, floors, and galleries of pine had been built. There were no windows, and the hall was lighted by electric lights. Usually the crowds that gather at a national Convention are too large to be accommodated in the hall, but this year, for the first time, the seats were not all occupied when Mr. JONES, the chairman of the National Committee, called the Convention to order.

The first contest that occurred was an illustration of the game of politics that was played by the experts who represented the party. The California delegates had insisted that one of their number, Mr. ESTEE, should be made temporary chairman, but the National Committee decided to refuse the request. It is asserted that Mr. ESTEE intended to take advantage of the opportunity to create the looked-for BLAINE "stampede" at the very outset; but this was not in accordance with the plan of campaign, and friends and opponents of Mr. BLAINE united in preventing the premature movement. Mr. THURSTON, of Nebraska, was chosen. He was a lawyer, a friend of Mr. BLAINE, and a supporter of Mr. DEPEW. In the course of his speech he created a good deal of excitement by declaring that the Convention could not commit the political crime of disobedience to Mr. BLAINE'S expressed will. "We cannot," he said, "place him at the head of our ticket." It was supposed at once that this would put an end to whatever movement was on foot looking to the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. Nevertheless the air continued to be "full of BLAINE," and his friends continued to doubt if any one else could be nominated. The white ostrich feathers continued to wave in the Chicago air, and delegates who wore the badges of other candidates continued to glance occasionally at the reverse side. And above all it was the mention of BLAINE that aroused the enthusiasm of the day.

The selection of Mr. THURSTON not only provoked the anger of the Californians, but also of the Grangers, one of whom expressed the farmers' opposition to the railroads by protesting against the committee's selection on the ground that Mr. THURSTON was the attorney of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. The only other important incident of the first day was an exciting debate between ex-Senator MAHONE and ex-Congressman JOHN S. WISE concerning the Virginia contest. The struggle was understood to be between the friends of Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. BLAINE. Fraud in the primaries was charged, but the immediate debate occurred over Mr. MAHONE'S attempt to place himself on the Committee on Credentials, and to thus make himself a judge in his own case. On the following day Mr. SHERMAN'S friends were defeated in the Convention by a decisive vote of 250 to 512.

The permanent organization of the Convention was effected on Wednesday, the second day. Mr. ESTEE, of California, was made permanent chairman, and his speech returning thanks was remarkably short. It was said that the higher honor was given him after the lower one had been refused on condition that he would not boom BLAINE, and that his delegation would not put their favorite in nomination. The Convention did nothing but organize and determine the Virginia contest on Wednesday. No one seemed to be in a hurry to get at the work for which the Convention had been called. It was on this day, however, that the BLAINE movement received an important impetus from two despatches that came from Europe. One was an authorized statement by Mr. SMALLEY, the New York *Tribune's* London correspondent, to the effect that Mr. BLAINE had made no other statement concerning his willingness or unwillingness to receive the nomination except what was contained in his Florence and Paris letters. The other was the report of a conversation with Mr. CARNEGIE, who said that if Mr. BLAINE were nominated he would not refuse, and that if "the Republican party finds it cannot agree upon a leader, and then calls upon its former leader to lead it again, it goes without saying that it would be his duty to do so, and Mr. BLAINE has never failed to do his duty." These despatches excited the enthusiasm of the men who believed that the Convention could not agree upon any candidate but Mr. BLAINE, so that by Thursday evening the boom had made much progress, and there was danger once more of its premature explosion. At the same time it leaked out that Mr. THURSTON'S remarks were not resented by the BLAINE men, but had been submitted to and endorsed by Mr. WALKER BLAINE.

Thursday was devoted to the reading of the platform and the making of nominating speeches. On this day, for the first time, the great building was full. The crowds had become enormous, and the people sat through the long day notwithstanding the terrible intensity of the heat. The platform was read by Mr. MCKINLEY, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. He had begun to be talked of as a possible dark horse, and he appeared in the list of those voted for on Friday, when the balloting began. Senator HAWLEY was the first candidate named. His mover was Mr. WARNER. Judge GRESHAM was the second candidate named. He was put in nomination by Mr. LEONARD SWETT, of Chicago, who performed the same service for ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1860. Then Mr. HARRISON was nominated by ex-Governor PORTER, his former law partner; Mr. ALLISON by Mr. HEPBURN; Mr. ALGER by Mr. FRAZER; and Mr. DEPEW by Mr. HISCOCK. Mr. SHERMAN was nominated last. His mover was Governor FORAKER, who was supposed to be the BLAINE favorite for the Vice-Presidency. His speech and his appearance excited the most enthusiasm.

The balloting began on Friday, and the first ballot showed that the anticipations concerning SHERMAN'S strength were accurate. The first three ballots showed a most remarkable distribution of votes, some of the States giving not more than two votes for any candidate. The promised enthusiasm for BLAINE did not break out, although several studied attempts were made to arouse it, delegates insisting on voting for him in the most impressive manner. A recess was taken after the third ballot, and in the evening session Mr. DEPEW withdrew his name. New York had decided to cast most of its vote for HARRISON, and this fact determined the friends of the other candidates to gain time by adjournment. The supporters of HARRISON voted against the motion, but it was carried.

When the Convention assembled on Saturday morning, the balloting began immediately. During the night a combination was formed against HARRISON. Two ballots were taken, HARRISON making the material gain. Mr. MCKINLEY received fourteen votes against his protest. When Connecticut was called, one of the delegates voted for him, and he at once, in an earnest and sincere speech, said that he had come to the Convention for JOHN SHERMAN, and that he could not permit any suspicion to rest upon his loyalty. He demanded that no delegate should vote for him. Failing in the attempt to make a combination on BLAINE, the supporters of the Maine statesman secured an adjournment till Monday.

The history of Monday's session may be briefly told. The New York delegation voted early in the day to give HARRISON its solid vote, and to continue to support him till his nomination was found impossible. The first ballot of the day, being the sixth of the Convention, showed SHERMAN still in the first place, with 244 votes, HARRISON coming next, with 231. On the seventh ballot HARRISON took the lead, with 278 votes, SHERMAN'S strength being reduced to 231. Before taking the eighth and last ballot the name of Senator ALLISON was formally withdrawn, and before the call of States was more than half over it was evident that General HARRISON was the choice of the Convention.

IN A WIGWAM.

PAU-PUK-KEE'WIS of Algonquin
(He was Storm Fool of Ojibway),
Having ate a green shabo'min [Gooseberry.
And of underdone ugudwash, [Sunfish.
Thought he'd caught an ahkose'win. [Fever.
Restless lay he in his wigwam, [Tent.
Wrapped up in a wau-be-wy'on [Skin wrapper.
(For cold blew Ka-bib-ou-ok'-ka [The north wind.
And loud roared the mudway aush'kas), [Waves of the sea.
Giving vent to wahono'wins [Lamentations.
(He'd a voice like annemee'kee). [Thunder.

In came cheerful Chibia'bosi [A musician.
(Warm friend he of Hiawa'tha). [The wise man.
Chibi. (pardon the contraction
Of that classical cognomen),
Hoping to induce nepah'win, [Sleep.
Carolled a most quaint ewa'yea [Lullaby.
To the fevered Pau-Puk-Kee'wis. [Storm Fool.

Pau-Puk sobbed, "Showain'-neme'shin! [Pity me.
For I'm sick nigh unto pau-guk." [Death.
He, an arrant shangoda'za, [Coward.
Feared the great Gitche-Man'ito, [The Master of Life.
Feared he too the long pone'mah, [Hereafter.
So was sought the famous Kwa'sind, [Strong man.
Who with ease could ride an ahdeek; [Reindeer.
Kwa'sind found the skilful Meda, [Medicine-man.
Who was very mahn-go-tay'see. [Brave-hearted.

Meda journeyed in a cheemaun; [Birch canoe.
And ere setting of the ghee'zis, [Sun.
Ere the coming of gushkewau, [Darkness.
He had interviewed P. P. K., [Pau-Puk-Kee'wis.
Looked his lolling *lingua* over, [Tongue.
Felt his pulse, and marked his breathings,
Diagnosed the case exactly;
Then did quickly make his mind up
To a certain course of treatment;
Then prescribed he; then dispensed he;
Aided chiefly by Wabe'no. [Magician.

Ishkoodahs' then seven were kindled [Fires.
Near to P. P. K.'s own wigwam; [Tent.
Then was caught and killed a wawa, [Wild-goose.
Then a kahgahgee, a fat one, [Raven.
Then a reptile called kena'beek, [Serpent.
Then a cat-eyed ko'ko-ko'ho, [Owl.
Then seven brilliant dush-kwo-ne'shes; [Dragon-flies.
Brought was neck of mahnahbe'-zees, [Swan.
Brought was gizzard of shuh-shuh-gah, [Blue heron.
Brought were eyes of seven gay mamas, [Woodpeckers.
Brought were eyes of seven young nah'mas, [Sturgeons.
Brought were breasts of seven ope'chees, [Robins.
Brought were seven cobs of monda'min, [Indian corn.
And seven pottles of odah'mins, [Strawberries.
Seven dried leaves of choice nah'mawusk, [Spearmint.
Seven right gills of okahah'wis, [Fresh herrings.
Seven fine nimble pah-puk-kee'-nas [Grasshoppers.
Seven lights then of wah-wah-tay'sees [Fire-flies.
Seven eggs then of waw-be-wa'was, [White geese.
Seven bruised leaves of wabe'no-wusk, [Yarrow.
(Drowned in blood of young pez-he-kee, [Bison.
With fine pem'ican o'er peppered), [Pounded buffalo.
Seven eggs of the mushkodasa [Grouse.
Then seven hearts of chetowaiko, [Plovers.
And seven eggs of the owais'sa; [Bluebirds.
Kidneys of seven adjidau'mos, [Squirrels.
And the legs of seven dahindas, [Bullfrogs.
And the eyes of seven red sah'was, [Perch.
And the livers of seven be'nas, [Pheasants.
And then seven young shawgashees' claws, [Crawfish.
And the beaks of seven bald shaw'shaws, [Swallows.
And the stings of seven sug-ge-mas, [Mosquitoes.
And the tongues of seven wabas'sos, [Rabbits.
Last seven sevens of way-muk-kwa-nas; [Caterpillars.
Each of which foregoing items
Hath some strange medic'nal virtue:
So asserts the sapient Meda.

How these "drugs" were brought instanter
Might surprise some dubious readers;
Learn such, then, 'twas through Wabe'no, [Magician.
By his far-extending powers;
And those seldom-heard-of-phrases,
Such as, "Abra-whack-ca-da-bra," [Incantatory phrases.
"Fil-le-lool-lee," "Wumpum-jangwang."

"Wabe" had studied psychomancy,
Aeromancy, sciomancy,
Chaomancy, hieromancy,
Ichthyomancy, pyromancy,
Campnomancy, myomancy,
Ophiomancy, hydromancy,
Pegomancy, rhabdomancy,
Halomancy, geomancy,
Chiromancy, onomancy,
Gastromancy, gyromancy,
In fact, every kind of "mancy"
Unto which he took a fancy.

(Why upon his fam'ly totem
Flaunts a "*Black-heart* and a *Lyre*"
We, at this point of the story,
Disinclined are to inquire.)

Let us cease interpolations
Of so personal a nature,
In *re* Doctor and Magician,
And get back unto the story.

Then seven wampun' Yenadiz'zes,
Armed with seven clean puggawau'guns,
Mixed the drugs in seven onaguns,
Stirred and mixed them well together.

Contents then of each onagun
Were inclosed in clay (like apples
Are imbedded in the dumplings
Much enjoyed by white plebeians),
And o'er ishkoodahs were placed then
For seven minutes. Then, at signals
Given by Meda, Megissog'won,
Meshinau'wa, and Wabe'no,
Yenadizzes, seven in number,
All at once, with seven shrill war-whoops—
"Torsha," "Arrah," "Darrah," "Bookshean,"
"Wocky-bocky," "Wink-ho," "Loo-boo,"
Stooped and straightway raked the "dumplings"
From the flame-leaps of the embers.

Meda cracked the baked clay coverings
(As a cocoa-nut is broken
At a festive children's party):
Then he quickly set to straining
Dregs and skimmings from the liquor.
Raised the while was Pau-Puk Kee'wis
From his couch of ahkosewin;
'Neath his chin was then adjusted
"Bib" of skin, as chest-protector.
Such were subsequent proceedings:

Came those seven young Yenadizzes,
Bearing each a sample spoonful
Of the strange and salient mixture;
And between the Yenadizzes
Walked a pretty Nenemoo'sha, [Young woman.
Bearer each, in spoons, *jam satis* ["Just jam enough."
(Made from very choice odahmins; [Strawberries.
Bore each, too, some Minneha'ha), [Laughing water.
To allay the nauseous flavor
That might prove to be distasteful
To the palate of the patient.
Chanted was a casual chorus,
Droned by bronchial-voiced dahindas, [Bullfrogs.
Led by Mus. Bach. Chibia'bosi
(He conducted with apuk'wa);
'Twas to drown the cries of anguish
From the now pale Pau-Puk-Kee'wis,
And to make him mahn-go-tay'see;
For, child-like, he'd great aversion
To all kinds of pills and potions.

Asked were blessings of Pauwa'ting, [Saut Sainte Marie.
Asked were blessings of Wenonah, [Hiawatha's mother.
Asked were they of Mudjekee-wis, [Hiawatha's father.
Asked were they of Nee-ba-naw-baigs, [Water spirits.
Asked were they of the Puk-Wudj'ies; [Little wild men.
Hiawatha prayed then, slowly,
In a monotone of fervor;
Prayed with strange gesticulations,
À la saints in stained-glass windows
(Poor in drawing, rich in color),
Wrought by mediæval limners
For the churches of the white man.

Then stepped forth a Yenadizze, [An Indian dude.
Gave P. P. K. the first spoonful
Of the essence of the hotchpotch,
And then he straightway departed;
But the face of Pau-Puk never—
Had those present lived forever—
Would have been forgotten, never!
(The concoction ranked in flavor
With the "dry hash" given to boarders
In this free enlightened country.)

Forward sprang a Nenemoosha,
Gave him of the jam odahwin,
On her way then went rejoicing.
Then another Yenadizze
Gave Pau-Puk the second spoonful
(He so much disliked the mixture
'Gain his face was worth beholding;
Struck he out, like J. L. Sullivan);
Forward came a Nenemoosha,
'Tween his lips impelled a spoonful.
(Being an untutored Indian
He, of course, struck not the woman).

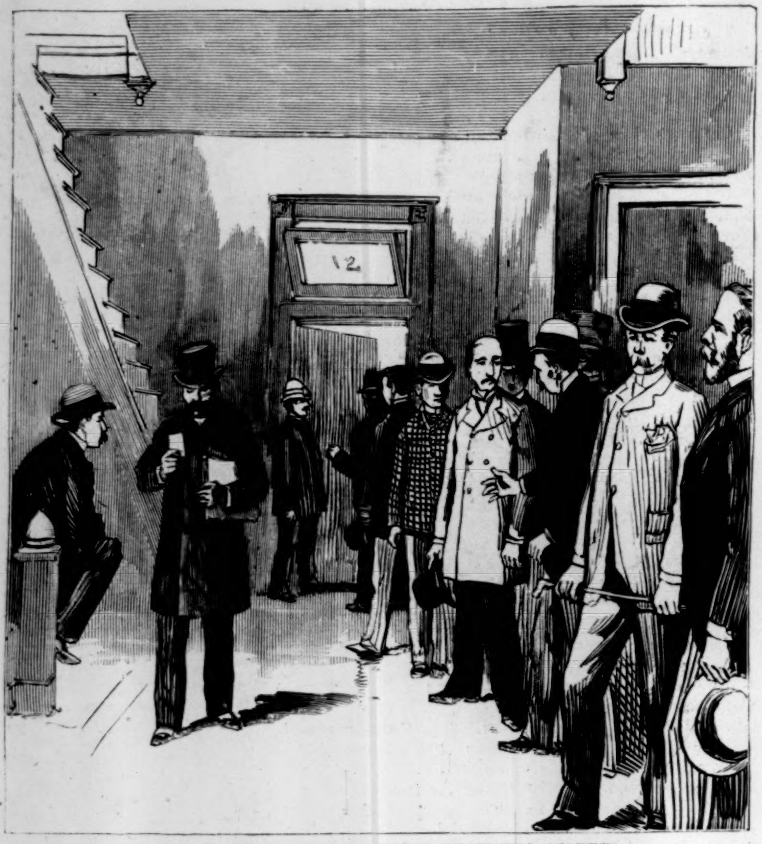
Let us shorten up the story:
P. P. K. took all the doses
From the spoons of Yenadizzes,
Too the jam from Nenemooshas.

The recipient turned his nose up
In a sad and savage manner;
Whooped he, yelled he, squirmed and bellowed;
As the mixture worked within him,
Gave he vent to imprecations
Phrased in reckless Indian *patois*,
Which, in reminiscent records
Are expressed with d's and dashes.

Fainter grew his coarse lamentings,
Pianissimo his railings;
Soothed was he, and he nepahwind.
Then the scant-clad knelt about him
(Not upon him, but around him).
Low were chaunted wahonowins;
Darkness seemed to clothe the wigwam;
There was odor of tobacco,
Fumes of which hung all around him;
Then, like flash of forkèd lightning,
Came upon the scene a Jeebis, [A ghost.
Clad in smoke, or curling vapor,
Touched the form of Pau-Puk-Kee'wis
With his wand, a bleached apukwa.

Pau-Puk-Kee'wis woke up screaming;
Both his eyes with joy were beaming,
When he found *he'd been but dreaming!*

WALTER PELHAM.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS RECEIVING TICKETS.

ENTRANCE TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

LEVI P. MORTON.

Levi Parsons Morton was born in Shoreham, Vermont, May 16, 1824, his father being the Rev. Daniel Morton. At the age of sixteen, developing a preference for business pursuits, he entered a country store as a clerk. In 1849 he went to Boston, and though possessing little capital, soon became a member of the flourishing mercantile concern of Beebe, Morgan, & Co. He left Boston for New York in 1854, and there established the firm of Morton & Grinnell. Nine years later, in 1863, the banking house of Morton, Bliss, & Co. was founded, with a branch in London, under the name of Morton, Rose, & Co. These firms became widely known through their connection with the payments of the Geneva and Halifax awards, and other business relative to the government.

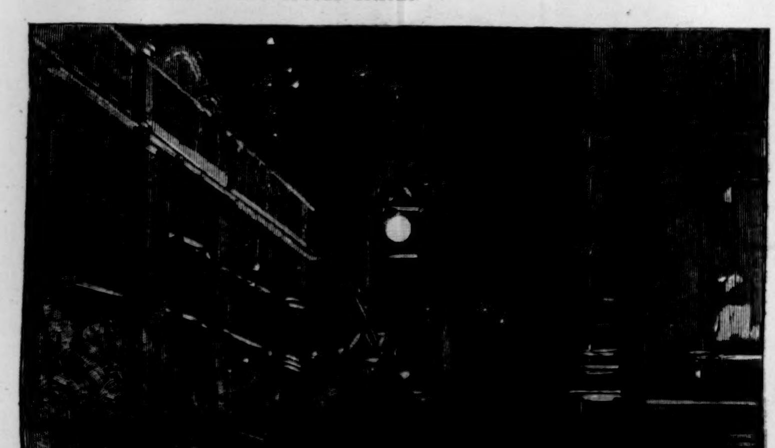
Mr. Morton was elected to Congress in 1878, and there represented the Eleventh District of New York. He was re-elected in 1880. Declining the nomination for Vice-President on the Republican ticket that same year, President Garfield gave him the choice of being Secretary of the Navy or Minister to France. Mr. Morton chose the latter, and from 1881 to President Cleveland's accession served with credit abroad. He succeeded in gaining many advantages for his countrymen in France, such as the removal of the restriction upon the importation of American pork, and establishing the legal status of American corporations. He was American Commissioner-General to the Paris Electrical Exposition, and the representative of the United States at the Submarine Cable Convention.

Mr. Morton was a candidate for United States Senator in 1887, but was defeated by Mr. Hiscock. Dartmouth and Middlebury colleges have both conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him.

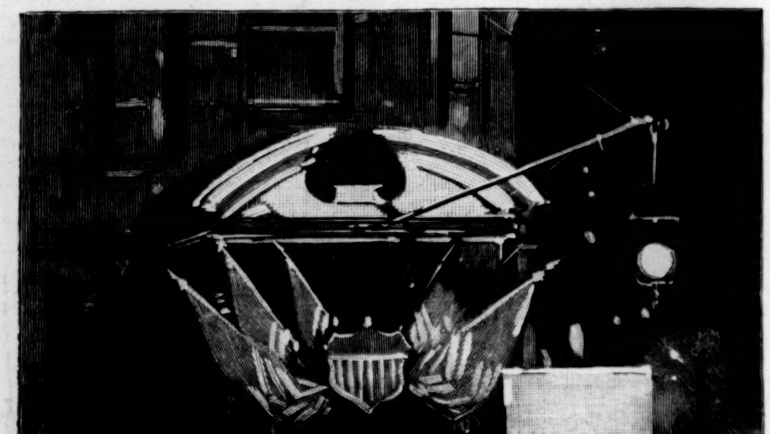
"Ellerslie," the fine estate of William Kelley at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, was bought by Mr. Morton in 1887 as a country-seat. Mr. Morton is married, and has several children.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON, THE NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. M. M. ESTEE, OF CALIFORNIA, PERMANENT CHAIRMAN.

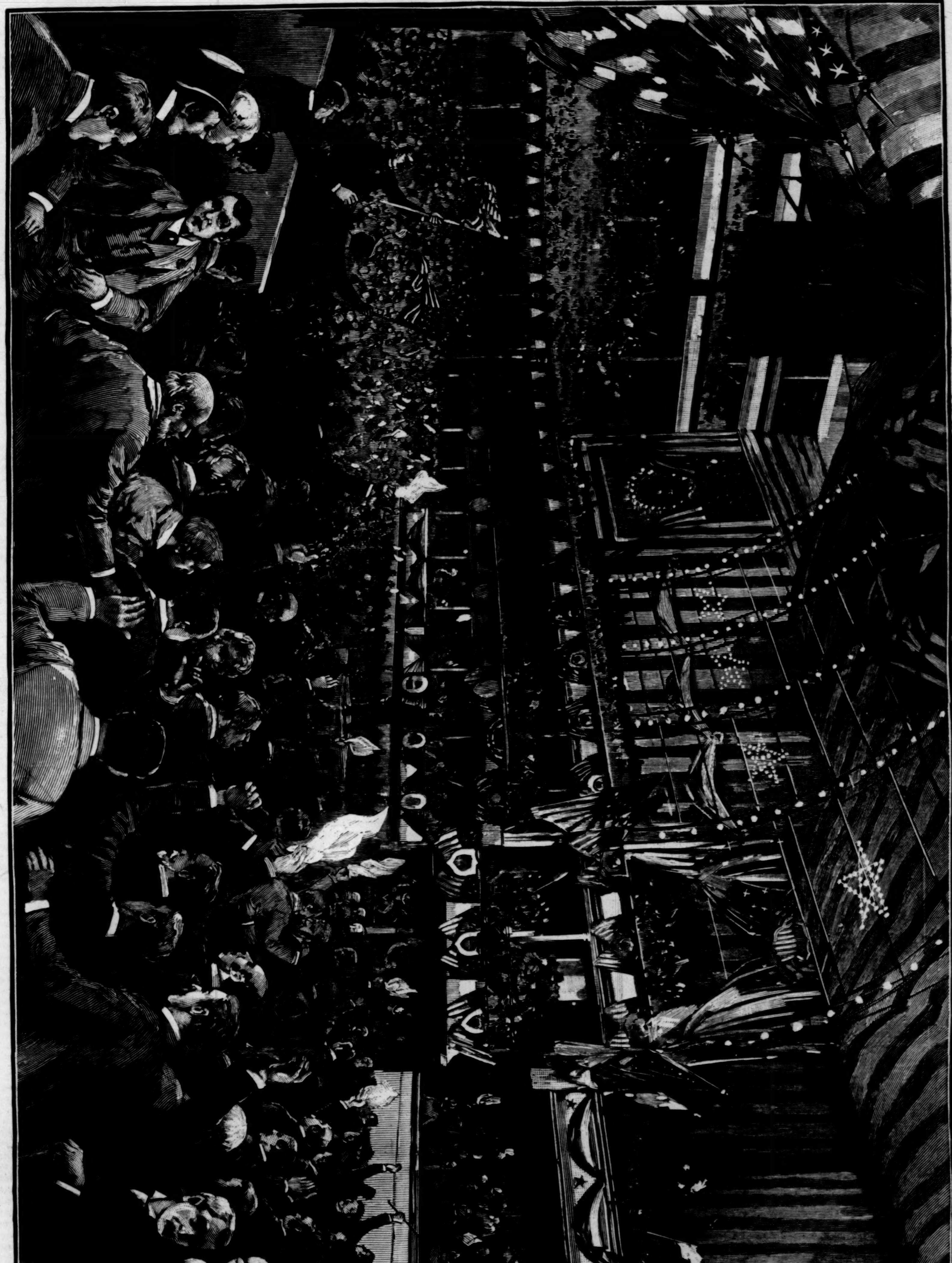


THE GRESHAM HEAD-QUARTERS.



READING THE BULLETINS IN THE STREET.

SOME SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND PERSONAGES OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.—From Photographs by J. W. Taylor and Sketches by Walter Burridge.—[See Page 470.]



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION IN THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO.—Drawn from Photographs by J. W. Taylor.—[See Page 470.]

AN UNCOMMITTED MURDER.

By ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

I.

From the moment when its approach had stained the clouds of dawn with rose and saffron, through a glowing mid-day when it had scattered lavish gold from heavens of cloudless blue, till now that its triumphal end was drawing near, the day had been a procession of splendors. But the heavy-browed youth who lounged across the open half-door of the fisherman's hut on the beach had no thought for the palpitating beauty which enveloped sea and sky. His mind was dwelling on smaller things, on the irritating meekness of the girl to whom he had engaged himself three short days ago, and the spirit and beauty of the girl who had jilted him a month before. He had meant to remember Jenny no more when he had once asserted his pride by binding himself to the other, but his thoughts were treacherous, and outran his will, and the scowl they brought to his face was an ugly thing to see.

It was a Sunday, and he knew that all the young people of the village, Jenny among them, would be assembled on the old dock to while away the long afternoon. He had no taste for being thought to shun their company, and when the breeze brought the sound of voices to his ear he straightened himself sullenly and turned toward the wharf. He walked straight on, without lifting his eyes, and when he came to a pile of nets heaped on the sand he knocked them down and trampled over them.

The fisherman who owned them leaped up from the other side. "What 're you doin' that fur?" he shouted, angrily. "You needn't be in such a tarnation hurry. Jenny Thring ain't goin' sailin' in your boat no more."

Gardiner turned white with rage. "—— you," he cried, "what call have you to meddle with me? She'll sail with me fast enough if I ask her. I'll be even with her yet. An' you'd better keep your mouth shut, or it 'll be worse for you."

The man slunk back, frightened at the concentrated fury in the other's face, and Gardiner kept on his way. And yet it took little to charm his wrath, for it died at sight of Jenny standing in the little knot of boys and girls. All his wilful efforts could not quicken it. He knew too well it was no fault of hers that had lost him his sweetheart, but that Jenny would not have been Jenny if she had endured his tyranny and evil temper. A little paleness and a look as of recent tears on her face stabbed him to the heart, and he could not bear to look at her. He drew aside, and stood on the worm-eaten planks that overhung the edge, staring at the restless water as it swirled out to sea, and listening to the idle chatter of his mates. They talked of the current which swept through the narrow mouth of the harbor, and the difficulty of making head against it.

"I dare any one to row out to the buoy and back before sunset," cried one, and catching sight of Gardiner's lowering face, he cried, "John Gardiner, you're always braggin' of your scullin'; I dare you to do that now."

Though to go to the buoy would be an easy matter enough, to come back before sunset would be almost an impossibility. But John was in no condition to make prudent calculations. He was stung by every careless word, and answered, roughly,

"I'll do it, an' then perhaps you'll learn to hold your jaw."

"I'll hold my jaw when you learn manners, you bear," cried the same lad, vexed in turn. "I dare you to get any of the girls to go with you."

"They'll go quick enough," cried John, angrier than ever; but the young women all shrank back as he glanced at them, and there was only one who did not look forbidding. Poor Jenny! her heart melted toward her old lover when she saw the flame of passion on his face, and the quick mortification that followed it. She looked round at the boats, and as she did so he called hoarsely,

"Come on, Jenny; don't let 'em dare you!"

"Who says I'm afraid?" she cried, impulsively. "Come along, John, or we sha'n't be back;" and before a minute was passed they had jumped into the nearest dory and were off.

The buoy was a mile out, but it would take little time to reach it. The water eddied and dimpled from the long narrow harbor behind them out to the open sea, and for some moments they swept swiftly toward their goal on the bosom of the hurrying tide. They had not been alone together since their quarrel, and John pulled fiercely at his oars, and thought what a fool he had been to throw himself once more in Jenny's way, while she cast down her eyes and did not speak. His face was toward the shore, but the girl, when at last she looked up, saw something they had not noticed from the wharf—a low bank of cloud creeping over the ocean.

"There's a fog coming up, John. Do you think we'd best go on?" she asked, timidly.

"A fog 'll do us no harm. I'm goin' to the buoy," he answered, in a dogged tone, without turning.

But in a few moments another obstacle intervened. The boat which they had taken was an old one, and suddenly, as a little greater stress was brought on the oars, one of the worn wooden thole-pins broke. John drew in his oars and examined it.

"Serves me right for taking such an old boat," he muttered. "I'll have to make another." He drew out his big knife, found a bit of plank, and began to whittle a new thole-pin.

Jenny looked anxiously from him out to sea. "The fog's comin' up thicker," she said. "Are you sure you can find your way?"

"Of course I can. Are you afraid?" he said, with a quick look. "You'd never hear the last of it if we turned back now before we'd rounded the buoy. Confound it!"

The last exclamation sprang from his lips as the knife slipped from his left hand, with which for the moment he was working, and cut one finger almost to the bone. The blood gushed out, trickling to the bottom of the boat, and Jenny with a scream sprang forward and tried to stanch it. She pulled off her shawl and tore a strip from it, which she bound around the wounded finger. But the coarse woollen material was too stiff to serve the purpose, and the blood still dropped down.

"That's no use, Jenny," said her companion, more gently. "Wait; there's some rags forward; we'll try one of them;" and leaning toward the bows, he pulled a bunch of rags and oakum from under the forward thwart. Jenny bound the wound tightly, and the bleeding stopped. But the girl was pale and trembling.

"Oh, John, don't let's go any further!" she cried, appealingly.

He looked at her for a moment, and then turned away with a sigh. "Nonsense!" he said, though there was no harshness in his voice now. "We can't give in for such a little thing as that. I said I was goin' round the buoy before sunset, an' I am. We're nearly there a'ready," and with a rapid glance seaward, he fitted the half-finished thole-pin in its place, and began to pull again.

Jenny turned toward the buoy. It was only a little way ahead of them, but beyond it she saw long thin wreaths of mist, precursors of the heavier fog to come, twisting and winding across the water. In a few moments the fog, she knew, would be about them, and the land entirely hidden from view. Another sharp exclamation from her companion drew her eyes back to the boat. The new thole-pin, made of too thin a bit of wood, had broken like the other, and the oar had slipped into the water. John stood up and leaned over to catch it, a gigantic wave suddenly tossed the boat about, and he was thrown out. His companion was not greatly alarmed, for he was famous among the young men as a swimmer; but the shock unnerved her, and she clasped her hands and cried, "Oh, John!" as his head reappeared beside the boat.

He laid one hand on the side. "Don't be scared, Jenny," he panted, with a laugh; "I'll climb right in as soon as I get the sweep."

She looked about, and saw that the oar had drifted a little to one side in an eddy, and at the same moment John let go of the boat and struck out for it. It drifted away as he swam forward, so that two or three moments passed before he caught it; and when he secured it and turned about, the thick bank of fog had come down behind him like a curtain, and the boat had disappeared. He shouted, "Jenny!" and immediately there was a cry which sounded but a short distance off: "John, where are you? I'm so frightened!"

"I'm coming," he called, and swam forward a little way in the direction of the voice. Yet he did not catch sight of the boat. He shouted again, and again the voice came through the fog, farther to the right.

"Keep hailing," he called, "or I can't make it," and after that at short intervals the woman's voice and his replies rang through the cloud which enveloped them. But it was puzzling work. First the voice came a little more from one side, then from the other; now it seemed nearer, and again farther off. After ten minutes he could not doubt that they had been carried further apart. He exerted all his strength, till it seemed that his heart would break, and that each breath must be the last, and yet the despairing cries grew fainter. He had dropped the oar long since, and his breath was too nearly gone to use it in shouting, but still he swam on with fierce determination. At last the girl's cries ceased entirely, and with them his strength vanished. He turned on his back, and floated over the yielding waves as they rose and fell beneath him, swelling out of the fog, gliding softly by, and sinking into the gray veil of mist. Even as he debated each desperate chance, the lost oar rose on the crest of a long wave in front of him and sank into the green hollow beyond. He swam for it, and clutched it greedily.

II.

Close by the sea, half a mile out from the village, stood a weather-beaten farm-house. The moon, as the fishermen say, had "sucked up the fog," and shed her white lustre on the heaving water and the barren fields which bordered it. From the open door a shaft of red fire-light fell athwart the sill, obliterating the pale moonshine, and within the farmer and his wife were tasting a moment's hard-won rest after the day's drudgery. The room was bare and small, yet a poverty-stricken homeliness brooded over the scene. With half a sigh the woman rose to close the door and set all in order for the night. As she turned, there standing in the doorway, dumb and white, with water streaming down upon the flag-stone, stood John Gardiner. She screamed, and caught her husband's arm.

"Law sakes! who be ye?" she cried. "John Gardiner, is that you? Good Lord deliver us, he's dripping from the sea! What's happened?"

John opened his mouth twice without making any sound; then he whispered, "I've been nigh drowned."

"Don't stand there!" cried the man. "Come in. I'll give you dry things. Betty, make some hot tea 's quick 's you can. Come in, come in."

Like a ghost John stalked into the house, and followed the eager farmer to his room. He came back dry clad to the kitchen, stood beside the little table, and drank cup after cup of scalding tea. Yet since he entered the house he had not spoken. At last his hosts could restrain their curiosity no longer.

"Come, tell us something about it," said the man. "How did it come about? I never thought I'd see *you* in such a fix."

John moved stiffly, tried again two or three times before he could bring forth a sound, and at last spoke. "I was rowin' out to the buoy, an' the rowlock broke. The sweep went overboard, an' when I reached for it I went over after it."

The man laughed outright. "Tell that tale to the coofs. You never fell out of a boat in your life. You're up to some prank, if you want us to believe such a story as that."

"It's true," said John, hoarsely.

"Fell out of the boat?" laughed the man once more. "Then why didn't you climb in again?"

"She drifted off in the fog," answered John, in the same toneless voice.

"You never fell out of a boat, an' you sober, in your life, John Gardiner," cried the older man. "Maybe you'd taken a drop too much. You've had a near enough squeak to sober you, though. How come you to be rowing to the buoy? Why hadn't you a sail up?"

"Tom Hearn dared me to row Jenny round the buoy." As he named Jenny his voice died away. He had been encompassed by a thick horror of darkness, and now her face seemed to flash out before him in an intolerable illumination. In his own bodily sensations he had almost forgotten till this moment the greater horror.

A quick spasm twisted across the woman's face, and the man sprang to his feet. "Where's Jenny?" he shouted, so that the house rang.

Again John sat silent a moment, with the farmer and his wife staring at him, before he could speak. Then he said, "She's drowned; she drifted off in the boat."

"I must go to the town," cried the man, and he caught up his tattered hat and ran from the house.

The woman rose without a word and moved restlessly about, changing the poor furniture from place to place, and setting straight what was already in order. At last, with a furtive glance at John, she slipped silently away. But his refuge no longer seemed to him like a paradise, but rather like a hell. The waves of past fear, of reviving love, of despair for the lost girl, surged about him as cold, as pitiless, as deadly, as those watery billows from whose arms he had just escaped. He rose and staggered out the door and along the road. He must go to the village and send out other men to look for Jenny, he muttered, though in his heart he never doubted that she was dead. He could not have told why he feared to see the faces of those he knew best take on some new and dreadful expression, to hear their voices ring with some mysterious intonation, yet he was possessed by a creeping terror at the thought of meeting his friends. For a few moments he walked back and forth in the road, trembling. Then suddenly he seemed to see Jenny's face staring at him through the fence—Jenny's face, not bright, rosy, full of quick intelligence, as he had seen it last, but white, sodden, with closed eyes. He gathered his senses together, and set off as quickly as his weak limbs would bear him toward the wharf whence they had started that afternoon. There was no one there, but as he turned back he saw a knot of men assembled before a house, and went toward them. They opened quietly to let him in, and yet no one greeted him. In the midst stood the farmer whose house had sheltered him. He waited a moment, and then said huskily, "Has Abe told you?"

There was a brief silence, and then a man said: "Yes, Abe told us what you said to him. Is that all you've got to tell?"

"Is that all?" he cried. "What else should I have to tell?" And suddenly he saw, on all the faces about, the very look he had dreaded. It was like an evil dream. He turned from side to side, and each countenance bore the same aspect; but he was a brave man, and he cried: "What is it you are thinkin'? Don't be afeared to speak. I won't hurt you." There was a sneer in his voice.

A murmur ran through the crowd, and at last one spoke: "It's a queer story, a very queer story, for the best sailor in town to lose his oar an' his boat an' the girl in it. That was very bad luck, John."

"Stop jawing about my luck," he cried, angrily, "an' go after the girl. I tell you she floated off to the west of the buoy. You may find her yet if you're quick enough. I'll go along."

"We're goin', but four boats are off a'ready," said one man.

"An' we'll not take you to find Jenny," cried another.

John turned and faced the young man who spoke; it was the same who had dared him to row to the buoy. He raised his fist and knocked the fellow down; then turned on his heel and left the confused crowd shouting and quarrelling behind him.

He went home, but the house was empty. Everybody was out in the village talking over the accident. He threw himself on his bed, and in a moment was heavily asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and the house was strangely still. He stumbled down the stairs to the old kitchen, where his aunt was standing alone at her tubs, crying as she splashed the suds about.

"Good-mornin', John," she said between her sobs, and he grumbled a dull response.

"Oh, John, to think it ever should ha' come to this!" she cried. "I can't think it of you, an' I won't think it of you, for all they say."

But John answered never a word; only leaned against the window with folded arms, and looked at her. As he stood, the door opened, and a stout man with a long, grizzled beard peered in. It was the town constable.

"Is John Gardiner here?" he asked, and continued, as he stepped into the room: "Oh, there you are! Well, this is a bad lookout, John. It makes me feel bad to come here on an errand like this; I declare to gracious it does. You mustn't take it hard of me; I must do my duty, you know, though it's a bad thing between old neighbors."

The man looked askance at John's gloomy face, and then drew his hand slowly from behind him with a pair of rusty handcuffs. There was a moment of breathless silence; then,

"What's them for?" said Gardiner, hoarsely.

"Them's for you, John, I'm sorry to say. The fellows say I ought to put 'em on you, an' take you over to jail. I hope you ain't a-goin' to make no trouble about it. Must obey the law, you know." The man, who evidently feared some sudden outbreak of Gardiner's temper, looked about him again, and then came a step or two forward.

"What's the law got to do with them things?"

"No use to make any more fuss about it, John. Remember you better not say anything—it 'll all be used agin you. The empty boat's come ashore over to the North Cliff."

"What's that to me?"

"What's that to you?" cried the constable, roughly. "Jenny's gone, an' her shawl's there, all cut an' tore to bits, an' the bottom o' the boat's a-swimmin' in blood. You'll find out what it 'll be to you afore you git done with it. Come, don't let's hev no more foolin'."

Without a word Gardiner held out his hands, and the handcuffs were clasped on his wrists.

He was led down into the village through groups of staring neighbors, who separated and stood at a safe distance as he passed, to the rude cart which awaited him. The constable climbed into it beside him, one of his old friends, without speaking or looking round, took the reins and whipped up the shambling horse, and he was driven across the bleak moors and sand-hills to the distant jail.

III.

Six months after Gardiner's arrest he was sitting alone at the door of his house mending his nets. He had been tried for murder, and acquitted. Public opinion had been bitter against him, and the strange tale by which he accounted for Jenny's disappearance had only intensified it. The excitement of his trial had shaken the little community where he dwelt to its foundations, and when he was led to the prisoner's dock the familiar faces which crowded the court-room had all shown either dark distrust or open condemnation. They had grown more lowering when the fisherman whose nets he had overturned on the ill-fated day testified to his threats against Jenny, and he watched the last traces of kindly doubt fade out of them as a lad who had been fishing beyond the buoy on that afternoon gave evidence that he had heard cries of "murder," in a woman's voice, coming from the fog-bank to the westward. But as no trace of the dead woman could be found, the accused had been finally acquitted by a jury who looked at him with repugnance as he stood up to receive the verdict. He left the court-room through a lane of shrinking neighbors whose righteous indignation spoke in every gesture. The sole man who accosted him was the lawyer who had defended him, and he asked whether John would not rather begin life anew in some other place.

"No; I'll stay where I am," he answered, stolidly, and that resolution he had never changed, though from day to day he saw more clearly what it was to cost him. He put up a rough shelter of boards near the beach, and there he lived, and thence pursued his work with stubborn energy. His boat was the first to reach the fishing-grounds and the last to leave them; in stormy weather it was often the only one to put out from shore. At first scarcely any one spoke to him; the dealer to whom he took his fish responded only in monosyllables to his necessary questions, and his old friends crossed to the other side of the way at his approach. The girl to whom he had been engaged had long since sent him word she would never willingly see him again. Even the old aunt in whose house he had lived from childhood turned her face aside when he passed by, though she knew his desolation. By degrees, however, this excessive avoidance of him lessened so far that he exchanged gruff greetings with the other fishers, but that was all. From morning till night, and again from night to morning, he lived in absolute solitude, and his fellow-men were to him no more than passing shadows, save for the bitterness which his separation from them infused into every hour of his life. All this was harder than the prison life to endure. The frequent scowl on Gardiner's face changed to a look of dogged patience, but though he bore his fate silently, it was almost intolerable.

Sitting thus one sunny morning, wearily thinking on the waste of years which seemed to stretch interminably before him, he looked up from his nets to catch sight of a strange sail crossing the bay. Presently the boat cast anchor, and a row-boat put off from it. This was an odd thing to happen at that lonesome spot, and the fisherman's brooding eyes followed the skiff as it came near. There was a man sitting on the middle thwart, and when the prow ran up on the sand he remained there, moving his oars idly in the glittering ripples. But from the stern seat stepped a woman, who crossed the beach and came straight up the bluff to where John sat. She moved and looked so much like Jenny that he gave a convulsive start, and could not take his eyes from the figure, which approached with quick darting movements like Jenny's own. Nearer she came, and nearer; he dropped his nets and stood staring forward until she was close beside him.

"Jenny, are you alive?" he whispered, and Jenny's voice answered,

"Oh, John, I'm so sorry!"

He grasped her hands and wrung them hard. "Jenny, Jenny," he said, "are you sure it's you? There's nobody on this earth so glad to see you as I be. Are you sure it's you?"

She laughed nervously. "It's me, John, sure enough," she said. "Sit right down here—you're so pale. You don't feel noways faint like, do you? They said over to town I hadn't ought to come on you so sudden, but I didn't want no one else to know I was here before you. Oh, I'm so sorry! I heard all about it yesterday. How you must hate me for all I've brought on you!"

"No, Jenny," he said, slowly, looking at her—"no, that isn't the way of it. I never cared for you so much as I done ever since I thought you was drowned. I've been a-thinkin' of you night an' day ever since. There hasn't a night gone by since we parted I haven't dreamed of you. We've been playin' together like when we was little children; we've been laughin' an' dancin' together; but sometimes"—he shuddered—"I've been fast bound, an' watched you strugglin' an' strivin' to swim, till the waves went over you. Do you think I didn't know who did it all the time? I've had time enough to find out—time an' to spare;" he caught his breath. "I thought I'd been the death of you, my girl," he cried, and hid his face on her shoulder and sobbed aloud.

Jenny stroked his hair tenderly. "Don't take on so, John; I can't bear it," she said, simply. "Don't, John—oh, don't!"

At last he raised his head. "Come, sit by me, an' tell me how I come to have you back again," he said. He drew her down beside him on the rough settle and took her hand in his. "Except I look at you an' touch you all the time, I can't believe you're here," he cried.

Jenny told him all her tale. When she ceased to hear his voice calling her she had fainted, and had partly come to herself afterward on being lifted out of the dory by two strange men. It was then, while still confused by terror, that she had repeatedly screamed murder. She had been transferred to the deck of a French bark, and the worthless dory had been cast adrift, while the bark, when the brief excitement of rescuing the castaway was over, had continued on her course. Jenny had been stricken down by brain-fever, through which the captain's wife, the only other woman on board, had nursed her. The voyage had been a long one, and with the majority of the people on the ship she could hold no intercourse except by signs; but as she recovered she found from one or two of the sailors who spoke a little English that the bark, which was bound for a port on the North Sea, would put in at the island of Jersey on the way, and here she asked to be set ashore. The captain accompanied her into the town where they landed, told the story of her rescue to the minister, and left her in his charge. Her memory was gone and her mind confused, but she found a place in a thrifty peasant's family, where they were glad of her services. She had been there several months when some trifling circumstance seemed suddenly to lift a veil from her memory, and the whole past recurred to her with startling clearness. She was consumed with anxiety to return immediately to her native place, and discover what had been John's fate. She had written immediately to her friends at home (the letter was afterward received, having been missent), and the kind minister had helped her by procuring passage for her on an English vessel just about to start for America. As soon as the ship landed she had come direct to the very town where John had been imprisoned, and there had heard of his trial for her own murder, his acquittal, and the manner of life which he was leading. Her heart beat thick with pain to think of all he had endured for her, and from the spot where the little steamer had landed her she hailed the nearest boat, and crossed the bay to the home which she had left more than half a year before.

The man beside her tightened his grasp on her hand as she finished speaking.

"Jenny," he said, "we've had hard luck—hard luck."

"It's been hardest for you, John," she answered, softly. "I've had no rest since I've heard about you, thinkin' of all the trouble I've brought on you."

"Ah, well," he said, gently caressing her hand, "if you'll be my wife still, Jenny, we won't quarrel over all that's come and gone."

"John," she cried, "are you sure you mean it? I've never known a happy moment since I sent you away. But I can't believe you care for me after all I've cost you."

"Can't you?" he said. "Look here, Jenny," and as she raised her eyes to his, he bent and kissed her.

Meanwhile the strange boat had been seen from the wharf, and one or two idlers who went down to look at her were quickly in possession of the startling fact that she had brought the missing girl back from the sea, and that the very girl herself was now sitting on the bluff at Gardiner's side. It took but a few moments for the news to spread through the village, which was soon in wild commotion. Many of Gardiner's old friends, stirred with compunction for the wrong they had done him, hurried to his hut, where he and Jenny were soon the centre of an eager throng. The voices of the rough seamen quivered with remorse as they asked their old comrade's pardon, and their eyes were wet. And there was no malice in John's heart: his long trial had softened his spirit, and his soul was awed at the strange fate which had brought him blessings at the end of such long torments.

"We'll do all we can the rest of our lives to make it up to you," cried one.

But Gardiner turned with a tender smile to the girl beside him. "Jenny says she will make it up to me," he said.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Benjamin Harrison was born at North Bend, Ohio, in his grandfather's house, August 20, 1833. Physically and mentally vigorous, he early manifested a desire to begin an active and independent career. At sixteen he entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and two years later was graduated. He was a bright scholar, with an aptitude for grasping easily the knottiest problems, and with a mind that adapted itself readily to discipline. He had an early inclination for the legal profession. On leaving college he began in Cincinnati, with the Hon. B. Storer as his preceptor, the study of law, and in 1854 he entered upon the practice of his profession in Indianapolis. He was twenty-one, square-shouldered, fair-haired, rather serious, reserved in manner, with no inheritance except his education and a good name, without acquaintance, but with a wife to provide for. A legislative investigation, in which he secured employment through the Democratic Governor, Joseph A. Wright, brought him into notice. The ability that he displayed won for him the highest praise of lawyers and laymen. From that time his abilities were fully occupied. He soon acquired the reputation of consummate skill in the preparation of cases, became an expert examiner of witnesses, discussed legal questions in written briefs or oral arguments with convincing logic, and became one of the leaders of his profession as an advocate.

It was inevitable that he should drift into politics. With many young men of generous impulses he joined the Republican party, and with superior oratorical ability he soon became known as one of the best and most fearless Republican speakers. It amazed the Democrats of the State to see him challenge Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks to "divide time"; but it was afterward declared by the chairman of the meeting that he had "never heard a man skin an opponent as quickly as Ben Harrison did Hendricks that day." In 1860 he was a candidate for Reporter of the Supreme Court, and in the Lincoln campaign of that year he was elected. He cared little for the office, except for the opportunity that it gave him to continue in the study of his profession at an increase of income.

The outbreak of the rebellion soon dragged him from the life of the citizen to that of a soldier. Governor Morton in July, 1862, asked him to assist in recruiting a regiment under the President's call for 300,000 three-year troops. He received the first commission for the Seventieth Regiment, and as Second Lieutenant inspired such enthusiasm wherever he went that he soon raised Company A, was made Captain, helped to fill up the other companies of the regiment, and in less than a month had completed it, and was at its head as Colonel, ready to go to the front. Governor Morton signified a willingness to accept his resignation if he chose to remain at home and hold his civil office. But Colonel Harrison preferred the military service. Once chosen, he devoted himself to that career with all his ability. He served through Kentucky and Tennessee up to January, 1864, when his regiment was assigned to the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twentieth Army Corps. His services had been highly honorable to him up to this time, but he had not yet reached his highest honors. He was ordered to lead the assault at Resaca on May 15, 1864. The duty was gallantly performed, his command rushing irresistibly over the enemy's terrible lines, and capturing both lines and guns. At Peach-tree Creek, while commanding his brigade, his soldierly qualities drew from his commanding officer, General "Jo" Hooker, the most enthusiastic praise. On the battle-field he declared that he would make Colonel Harrison Brigadier-General for his part in the fight. And he wrote a despatch to Secretary of War Stanton in which he recommended his promotion, complimented his brigade for its discipline, praised him for his wisdom, foresight, and valor, and advised his promotion as a just recognition of his services and martial accomplishments. He served through the war to its close. He took part in the siege and battle of Nashville, was at the surrender of Johnston, and with his command participated in the final review of the Union forces at Washington before the great army once more became a part of the common body of citizens.

While he was away from Indiana, the Supreme Court, Democratic in composition, declared vacant the office of Supreme Court Reporter, to which Harrison had been elected. Another reporter was elected. In the fall of 1864, after Atlanta had fallen, he took his first leave of absence. The State Convention had nominated him again for the place from which he had been ousted. Reaching home, he devoted himself so effectively to the work of the canvass for the thirty days accorded him that he was elected for another term. He declined a re-election in 1868, and until 1876 devoted himself diligently to the practice of his profession. In 1876 he was made the candidate for Governor, after he had declined to run, and after another candidate had been nominated and had declined. He accepted the nomination as a public duty. After he had accepted it he devoted himself to the work of the campaign with great energy. But there was great activity in both the Republican and Democratic parties in Indiana in 1876. General Harrison was defeated, but he came out of the fight with extended acquaintance with the people of the State, and with increased national popularity. He was a prominent speaker in the campaign of 1880 in the East and the West. His friends in Indiana had little difficulty in electing him to the place in the Senate of the United States about to be vacated by Joseph E. McDonald, and he took his seat in that body on March 4, 1881.

Senator Harrison took his seat in the Senate on the day upon which General Garfield was inaugurated. The session was an extra one for executive business only, and he simply attended and voted when occasion arose. When the Senate reassembled in the following December, at the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress, and opportunity offered, he assumed his share of the duties of the body. He did not force himself forward as a speaker. When he did speak he commanded attention. Upon Chinese immigration he argued for a faithful regard of treaty obligations in enforcing exclusion. Service on the Mississippi River Commission prepared him to discuss familiarly all propositions brought forward for the improvement of the navigation of that stream. One day in July, 1882, the Senate heard him at his best. His colleague, Senator Voorhees, in discussing a revenue reduction bill, had made a characteristically loose and reckless oration, laying stress upon some phrases in which he had ridiculed the Republicans for taking the tax off perfumery and cosmetics. Senator Harrison had waited for just this speech. When Senator Voorhees concluded, Senator Harrison began, and stepping down into the arena in front of the desks, and approaching the Democratic side, he went on, without notes, to belabor his colleague most vigorously and unmercifully for nearly an hour. It was the most brilliant speech delivered by Mr. Harrison during his term in the Senate. Senator Voorhees never sought occasion again to provoke him to answer.

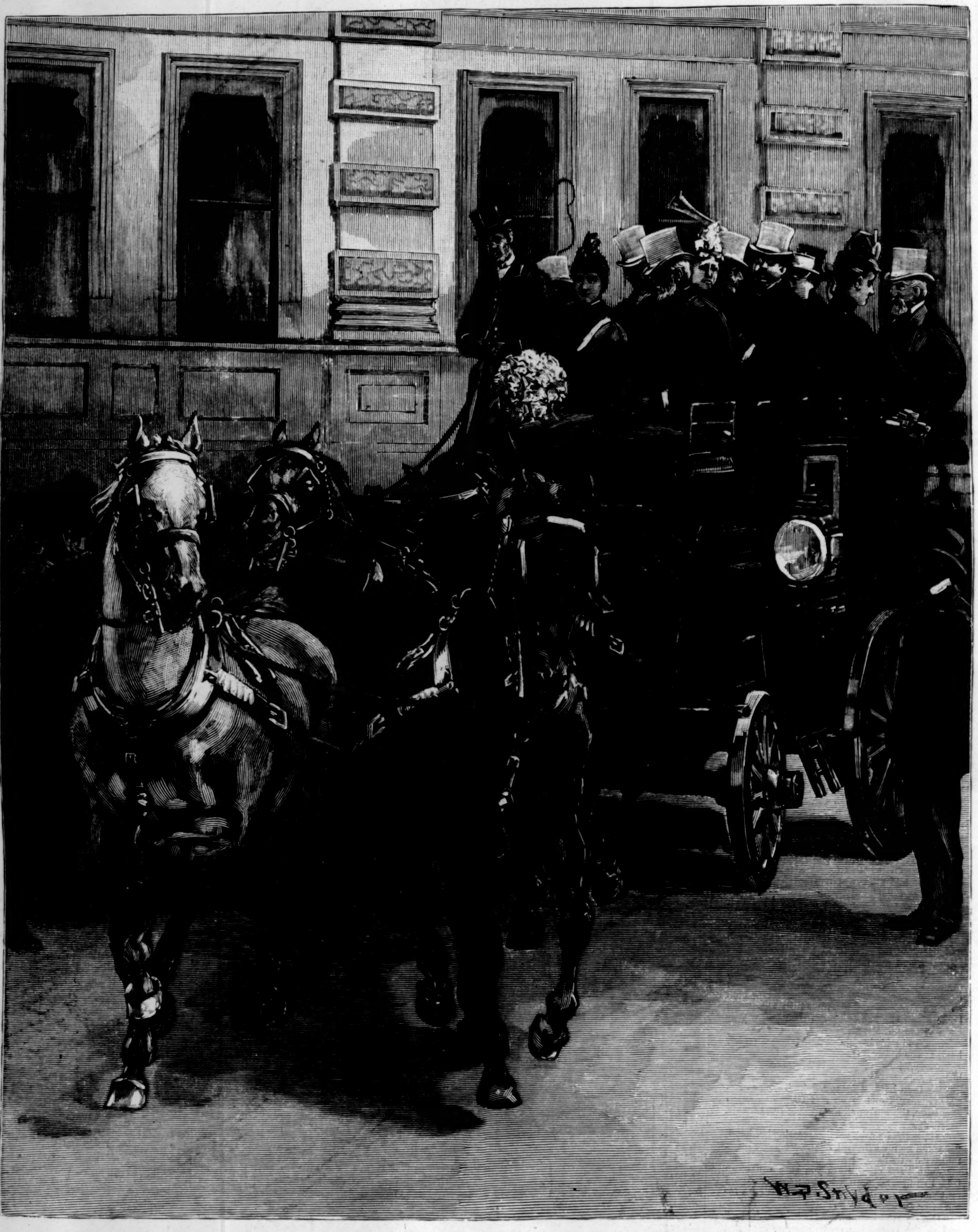
In the second session of the Forty-seventh Congress Senator Harrison's principal speeches were made upon the civil service, the Blair educational bill, and on the Mississippi River scheme of improvement. While he favored the general purpose of the civil service law then under consideration, and afterward voted for it, he contended for the perfect freedom of the government employé to contribute for political purposes. On February 12, 1884, he expressed himself very pointedly on this subject. "I should regard myself," he said, "as little less than a slave if as an American citizen I believed, let me say for illustration, in the doctrine of protection, in which my colleague also takes an interest, and was the head of a bureau here, receiving a salary of $3000 a year, I was not allowed to contribute to the purchase of documents or the distribution of speeches that were calculated to impress upon the public mind the views I held." He voted for the civil service bill, and later on, after President Cleveland became the appointing power, he vigorously criticised instances of alleged departure of the Administration from the letter and spirit of the law. During the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress General Harrison was heard in many speeches on the Blair educational bill, to which he made many serious objections. In one speech on this subject he said: "There is a giving that pauperizes; there is a giving that enfeebles. It is against that sort of giving that I protest. The wisest managers of benevolence in these late years have come to the conclusion that giving should always be so regulated as to save self-respect, and awaken in the mind of a recipient the lost faith in his ability to take care of himself. We should carefully avoid that giving which creates a disposition to lean and to expect, which takes the stamina and strength and self-dependence out of men. That principle will, I think, apply to the giving which is proposed by this bill." After the inauguration of President Cleveland, and when the Republicans of the Senate took issue with the Executive about appointments, Senator Harrison was heard on several occasions in speeches of a critical character. He was heard very infrequently during the closing months of his term. In 1887 an effort was made by the Republicans of Indiana to control the Legislature in order that he might be chosen to succeed himself. The Republicans won in the State, but the Democrats carried the Legislature by a small majority, electing David Turpie as Senator. General Harrison again resumed the practice of his profession at Indianapolis.

Personally Governor Harrison is somewhat under the average height; but his straight, strong figure, soldierly bearing, and easy dignity of manner make him a noticeable person among men. His hair is very fair, and his face is clothed with a blond beard in which there are no streaks of gray. One term of service in the Senate did not encrust him with the veneering of Senatorial reserve. He was and is one of the most approachable of men, ready to talk upon all public subjects freely, and having something to say on most subjects that it is worth while to hear. As an orator he was one of the best of the Senate, speaking clearly, without fatigue, and with no merely perfunctory zeal, and with a voice of silvery resonance and great penetration.

Major-General Harrison, an English ancestor, bore arms with Oliver Cromwell, and rose with him to prominence in the Revolution. It fell to his lot to sign the death-warrant of Charles I., and after the Restoration he paid the penalty for this act, being hanged October 13, 1660. Benjamin Harrison, the first descendant of Cromwell's General who appears in American history, was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, later a delegate to the Colonial Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, three times elected Governor of Virginia, and a member of the Convention that ratified the Constitution. His son was General William Henry Harrison, whose honorable career as a soldier and statesman culminated in his election to the Presidency in 1840, to be followed by his death in the White House one month after his inauguration.

A VERY SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Mr. Hankins thinks everybody should know how to swim, so he has had a private natatorium constructed in his house. He fills it with just enough water to come up to his neck by actual measurement. Jumping in, he raises the water about two feet by reason of the immensity of his figure, and has some pretty wet experiences for about five minutes. Subsequently Mr. Hankins said: "Don't see how I came to make such a mistake. Was positive I only had four feet of water; but when I jumped in I thought I had plumped down in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."



THE START OF THE CARNEGIE COACH AND FOUR WITH MR. BLAINE AND HIS PARTY FROM THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.

THE CARNEGIE COACHING PARTY.

While the newspapers were bitterly discussing last week whether Mr. Blaine could or would withdraw his withdrawals, and while the Republican politicians at the Chicago Convention shouted themselves hoarse at every mention of Mr. Blaine's name, the hero of all this hurrah was driving pleasantly through some of the most delightful scenery of Merrie England. He was apparently oblivious of politics and politicians, although his host, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, introduced him to English friends as "the man who might be President any day he liked." Our artist depicts the departure of the Carnegie coach and four from the Hôtel Métropole, London. Mr. Blaine, evidently in excellent health, and spry as a boy, climbed to his box-seat without assistance. The rest of the party mounted more sedately to their places by the coach ladder. The occupants of the top of the coach may be recognized in the following order:

On the box seat, the coachman, Mr. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Henry Phipps, Jun.

On the first seat, Mr. Henry Phipps, Mrs James G. Blaine, Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge), Rev. Dr. Charles Eaton.

On the second seat, the Misses Blaine, Mr. Graham, Mr. Walter Damrosch.

On the back seat, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

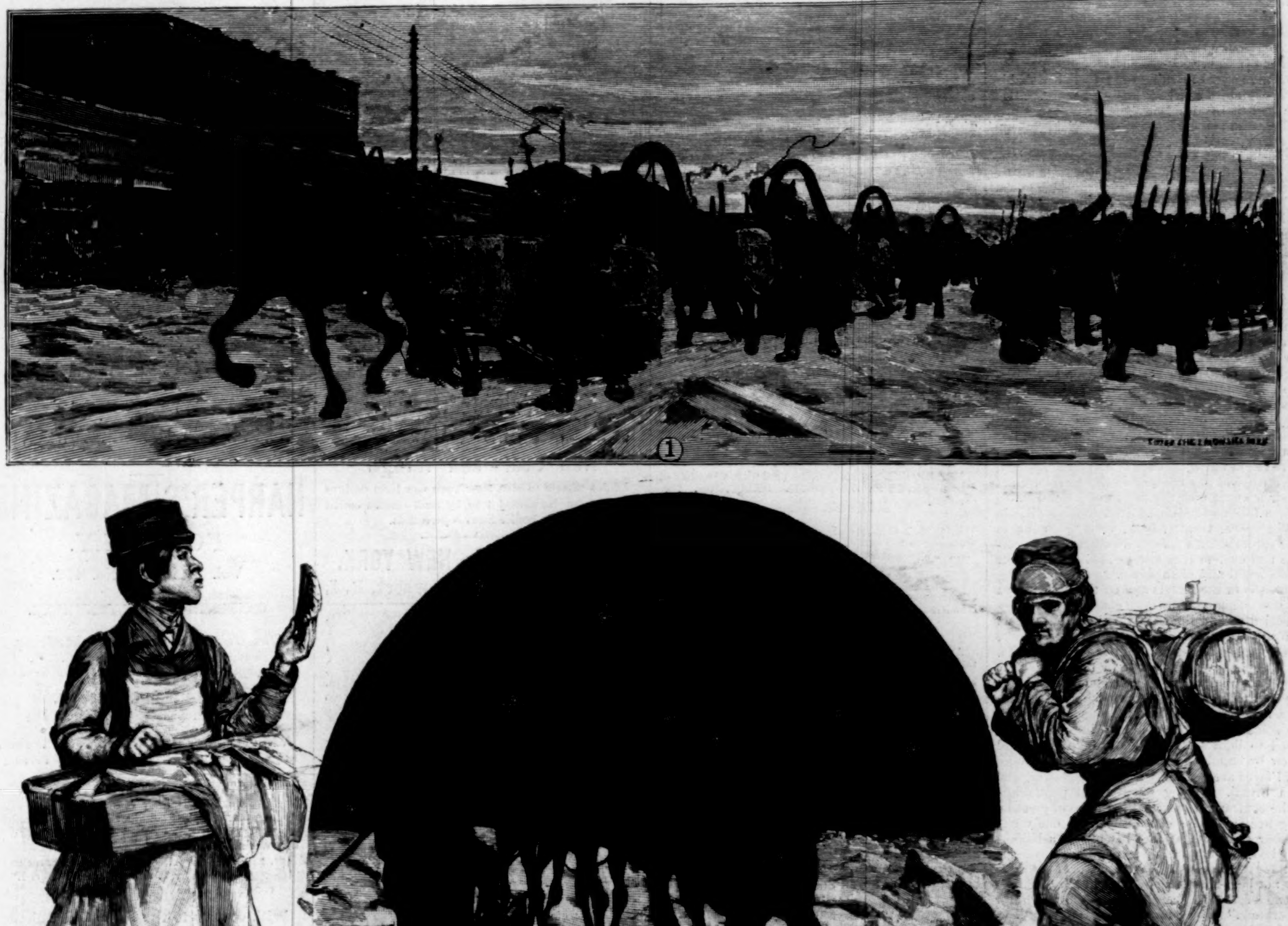
The route selected was that already made familiar to American readers in the picturesque pages of William Black's novel *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, published by Harper & Brothers. Gail Hamilton was, by common consent, appointed the historian of the tour, and kept a careful diary of the adventures of the party, extracts from which were cabled almost daily to the New York papers.

At the lovely town of Grantham the party inspected the old Saxon church of St. Wolfran, and visited the High-School in which Sir Isaac Newton studied, and the little yard in which he saw the apple fall that suggested to him the idea of the law of gravitation. The Angel Inn at Grantham tempted them to make their visit less brief than an angel's; but Mr. Carnegie had accepted an invitation to lunch with the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and ordered the coach to drive through Newark to Lincoln, where they stopped at the Saracen's Head, and were escorted through the cathedral.

The next day's drive was through Sherwood Forest—now a forest in name only—to Worksop, the centre of the district which is called "the Dukeries," because it contains Welbeck Abbey, the residence of the Duke of Portland, Clumber Castle, which belongs to the Duke of Newcastle, and the Duke of Rutland's splendid country-seat. On the following day (June 14th), while special trains were pouring perspiring crowds of Mr. Blaine's adherents into Chicago, he gathered a nosegay of field flowers in the grounds of Tickhill Castle, and took his ease in that venerable inn, the Green Swan, at Askern.

As the coach was tooled into York, the tolling of the cathedral bells announced the death of the noble Kaiser Frederick of Germany. Here Mr. Walter Damrosch left the party to return to London to superintend a series of concerts. The weather, which had hitherto been as perfect as the June roses, became rough and blustering on the 18th, when the coach arrived at Durham, after a drive of forty miles. None of the party bore the journey better than Mr. Blaine. He jumped from the coach as it drew up at the hotel, and at once started for a walk up Durham Hill to see the famous Norman cathedral ruins on its summit.

The further course of the coach was as follows: Hexham, Cheviots, Hawick, Edinburgh, Sterling, the Trossachs, Fort William, and Cluny Castle, which Mr. Carnegie has rented for four months.



SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN RUSSIA.—Drawn by Jozef Chelmonski.—[See Page 478.]

1. An Ice Train on the Neva. 2. A Street Vender in St. Petersburg. 3. Driving Reindeer Tandem. 4. A Water Carrier. 5. Resting by the Way-side. 6. Cossacks of the Don.

THE CARNIVAL IN RUSSIA.

A fast train runs from Paris to the Russian capital with changes of cars only at the different frontiers, and this is generally well filled with passengers wrapped in furs, and having a Muscovite objection to open windows which seems insupportable to American or English lovers of fresh air. It is an agreeable change from German to Russian carriages when the frontier is reached, and courteous officers in handsome uniforms have *viséd* the passports.

On the second morning the traveller probably looks out upon a dreary waste of snow, varied here and there with forests of scrub pines and birches, with twigs all shrouded in ice. Here and there he sees strange, uncouth figures with long hair looking out from hovels beside the railway, and the comfortable "buffets" at the station bear undecipherable signs in the Russian which afford the first introduction to the vernacular. Russian tea, however, needs no introduction, and the clear, topaz-hued beverage, served in glass tumblers, each with two slices of lemon, tastes as tea never tasted before. At best, however, it is a dreary ride to St. Petersburg in midwinter, and the wayfarer is usually very glad to drag his stiffened limbs out upon the broad platform crowded with strange fur-clad and fur-capped figures, uttering such unfamiliar cries that it is a positive relief to hear the engine blowing off steam in good homely Anglo-Saxon. If you are met at the station by Russian friends, you are effusively embraced; and if you are of the gentler sex, your gloved hands are gallantly kissed, after the fashion of the country. Then you are driven through a mile or two of wintry streets, and ushered into a mansion where reigns an atmosphere of perpetual summer, where tropical plants stand in the corridors, and the air is sweet with the breath of hyacinths.

Then follows the introduction to winter life in Russia, opera, theatre, balls, very much as in other capitals, but with certain differences in costume and custom that always strike a foreigner as wonderful and picturesque.

But it is in the streets and on the frozen Neva that one encounters the most characteristic types of local life; and the Carnival emphasizes them all, for to the capital during this gay season come traders and peasants from all the wide domain. You should see sledges drawn by reindeer, singly or by twos and threes, gentle, clumsy creatures they look to be, a little like a moose and a little like a mule, some of them with branching antlers and some without, and almost invariably harnessed to light sledges made of bent wood, and driven by bundled-up Russians or Lapps, whose stolid faces are generally most uninteresting and often brutal. Among the resident population, on the contrary, there are often faces of great intelligence, and one constantly asks one's self whether this or that face belongs to a Nihilist who has a bomb in his pocket and is lying in wait for the imperial cavalcade, or whether it may not be, perhaps, a government spy disguised as one of the populace, and on the watch for "liberators." Here, for instance, is a street merchant, a young fellow with a square hat on his head and a neat basket on his arm. He holds up a confection of some kind, and the cry with which he invites customers is probably as familiar to most of the passers-by as is "hot corn" in certain streets of New York during the nights of midsummer. Another stout fellow carries by main strength a keg—presumably containing water—which looks first cousin to the one that Joseph Jefferson has so often carried up the Catskill Mountains before American audiences. Possibly, however, it contains *vödka*, of which inordinate quantities are consumed during Carnival, and which induces excesses, for which, let us hope, the really good Russian does ample penance during the Lenten days that are so soon to follow.

The streets, too, are gay with all kinds of sleighs, many of them at this time brought from the country, the harnesses all covered with little jingling pieces of bright metal and tinkling bells, which are allowed in the city only during the great festival of the Byzantine Church. One is sure almost any day of seeing a procession of imperial carriages, sent by the Empress to convey the pupils of the different institutes to places of amusement or recreation. Often as many as twenty-four or twenty-five of these equipages may be seen in single file, with smiling girl faces looking out from the windows, and coachmen and footmen in scarlet coats with great double capes, each bordered with a trimming of gold-colored ground and wrought with black double-headed eagles at short intervals.

On the frozen river there is a constant procession of all sorts of vehicles, with here and there a group of Cossacks from the regiments that are always quartered in the cavalry barracks—sturdy fellows all, who sit their little horses rather awkwardly, as it seems to American eyes, but who are, no doubt, formidable enough when it comes to a running fight.

On the Neva, too, there are constantly passing hand-sleds pushed by skaters, who have special routes marked out by evergreens set in the ice, and there are interminable processions of sledges, each drawn by one horse, and laden with huge blocks of clear green ice, often two or three feet thick, which is at this season stored in enormous quantities for summer consumption. On parade-ground and river are huge "mountains," as the Russians call their toboggan slides, and these are constantly thronged with sliders in gay costumes, who never weary of the exciting rush through the keen wintry air. But all this festivity comes to an end with Ash-Monday, instead of Ash-Wednesday, and though it takes a few days for the bulk of the population to recover from the effects of its carnal potations, very devout Church people make a point of observing Lent from beginning to end with the most conscientious rigor.

CLINGING TO THE LAST.

The virus of rheumatism often remains in the system through life, when it does not cut the thread of existence suddenly, as it is always liable to do by attacking the heart. Ere the grip of this tenacious disease tightens, it should be unloosed by that beneficent liberator from disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will free the sufferer at the outset from subsequent pain and danger. No purer or more agreeable blood depurent exists, as multitudes of the rheumatic and neuralgic have ascertained by certified experience. It is through the medium of a regular action of the kidneys and bladder that an outlet is afforded for the escape of impurities which beget not only rheumatic, but gouty ailments, and dropsical effusions. To these organs the Bitters gives an impulse, never verging on the bounds of irritation, but sufficiently vigorous to cause them and the bowels to perform their functions with clock-like precision. Use it also for dyspepsia, biliousness, fever and ague, and debility.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Ad.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

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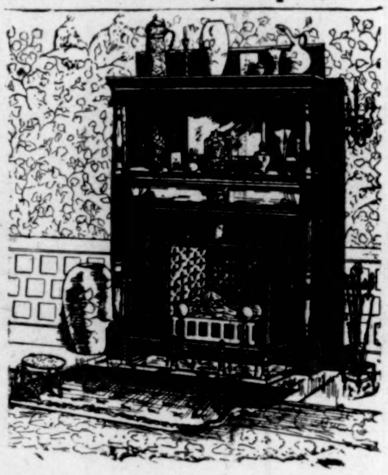
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Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.
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H. RIDER HAGGARD.
MR. WARNER'S
Studies in the Great West,
CONTINUED.
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Vol. LXXVII., No. 458.
CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER.

The United States Naval Academy.
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By William Dean Howells. Part II.;
A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies.
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Studies of the Great West.
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By H. Rider Haggard. With Illustrations, including the Frontispiece, by T. de Thulstrup. Part I. To be concluded in the August number;
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THE EMBLEM.

"An' phwat air yez doin', Mr. Murphy?"

"Doin'? Is it not the red banana as is to be the imblim of the campaign—an' it's mysilf as is givin' the yaller wans a sprinkle of red paint. It won't damage the insides a bit, an' the imblim will be complate 'all the same.'"

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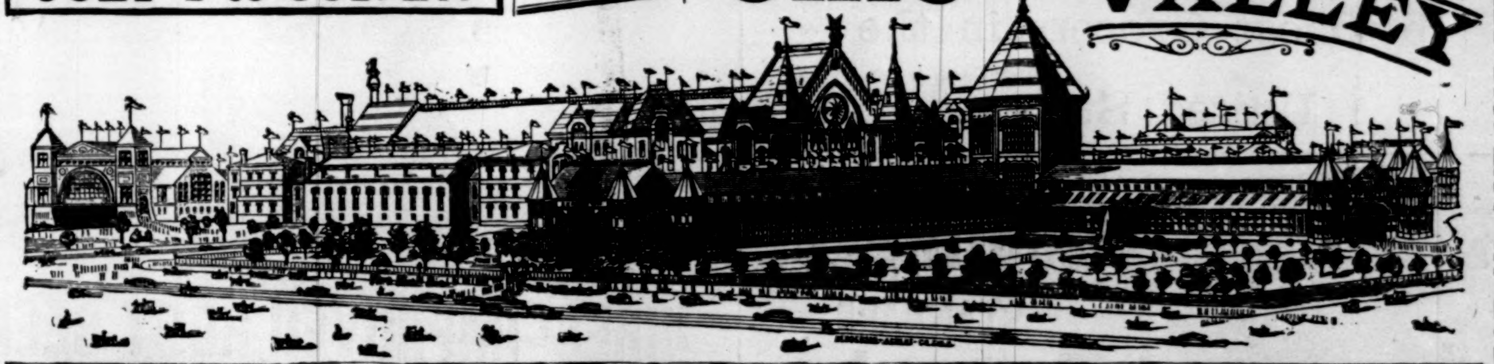

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

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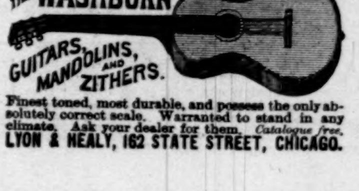

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FORT GRISWOLD-ON-THE-SOUND. OPENED for the season. On Wednesday, June 27th, the popular hotel and cottages, "Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound," opposite and two miles below New London, Conn., opened under the same popular management as last year, Messrs. Matthews & Pierson, of the well-known Sturtevant House, New York. Their table and entire service last year was beyond criticism. Spacious grounds, fine beach intersperses the rocky shore. All rooms overlook the water. There is no better summer resort, as mosquitoes are absolutely unknown. Send for announcement, with plans of rooms on each floor. If you go via New York, drop in at the Sturtevant.—*Evening Post.*

AGENTS, ATTENTION!—Send 5 cents in postage for sample copy of our "Horseshoe and Red Bandanna" Campaign chart in three colors; Cleveland and Thurman in vignettes, entwined with laurel; elegant engraving, 22 x 28, with campaign thunder and music, with rattling marching song. Address Hitchcock Printing and Publishing House, 385 6th Ave., N.Y.

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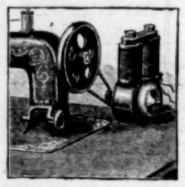
A beautiful picture story book for children, entitled "HAPPY HOURS IN FAIRY LAND," will be mailed *free* to any one sending their address. CHARLES E. HIRES, Philadelphia



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SARATOGA VICHY WATER

Cures Dyspepsia and Indigestion. This water is Non-Cathartic. Avoid manufactured Vichy. Send for Circulars, with analysis, etc.

New York Office, 122 Pearl Street.

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 30, 1888.

In its every-day life Cincinnati is the most thoroughly representative city of the West. Now that her people are about to celebrate with much pomp and enthusiasm the centennial of the settlement of the Ohio Valley, a reasonably accurate estimate may be made both of the city's own character and the future condition of other Western cities that are now in a state of development. What Cincinnati is to-day, after nearly a century of growth, most of her Western neighbors may become through the lapse of time and the progress of evolution.

THE TYLER DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN.

Having passed through all the different stages of growth incidental to the complete establishment of an American city, and having arrived at that point where material advancement is no longer made the chief aim of the city's existence, Cincinnati has thus become an excellent type of the foremost civilization of the West.

In everything except mere population Cincinnati has got her growth. She no longer has about her those elements of endeavor and experiment which indicate in the new American city the process of building up. Instead she has about her an air of dignity and age that goes well with the record of her past achievements. Notwithstanding the wealth and power and the undeniable position of her present, Cincinnati lives much in her past. The vigorous, headstrong, stirring life of her early years, even though it be gone to come back no more, has a greater charm for her, I fancy, than the staid, calm enjoyment of her present distinction. There was a touch of romance about the old life that there is not in this, for it was the life of the Ohio River. The history of Cincinnati is practically a history of the river. To say nothing of the dash and swing of the river life, there was a touch of genuine romance in the founding of the city. Unrecorded history says that an army officer became enamored of a handsome frontier woman, and followed her to Cincinnati, which was at that time a collection of two or three traders' cabins. It was a mere stopping-place in the wilderness, and a makeshift landing for casual river craft. It was distinguished from the rest of the primeval forest by the name Losantiville, which thus indicated that it was opposite the mouth of the Licking River.

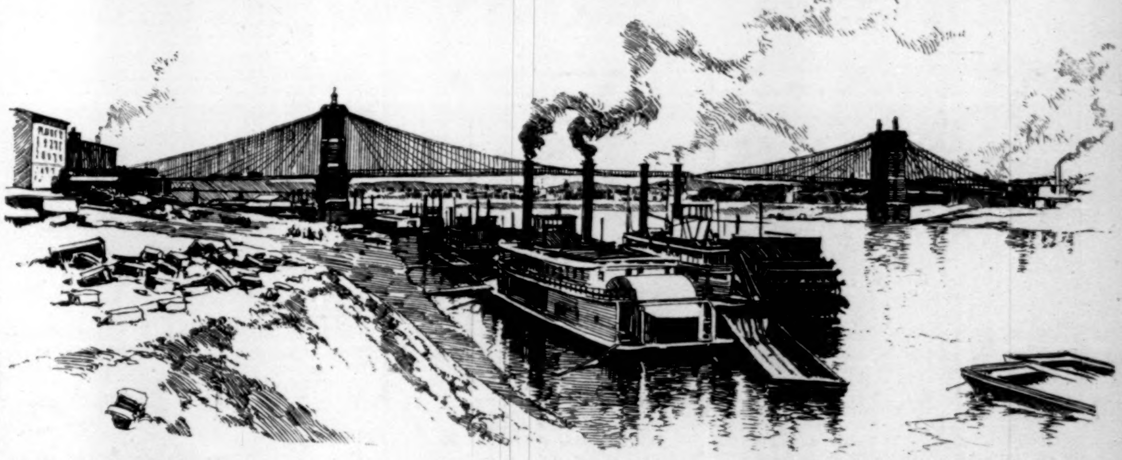
The army officer in groping about for an excuse for following the handsome pioneer woman announced to the dazed inhabitants of Losantiville that he had been detailed to select a site for a fort in the neighborhood of the Licking. Whether this hardy assertion stimulated immigration to Losanteville, or whether the charming frontier woman induced the army officer to stay and lay out a city, is not definitely known, but the fact is the settlement grew from that time on with the true Western spirit. Later a fort was actually built, a town was laid out, and the name Losantiville was cast off for Cincinnati. Once well started, Cincinnati soon disposed of the pretensions of rivals up and down the river, and boldly went into business as the principal river town between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi. At this time the Miami Valley and the country round about began to get settlers from New England and the East, and thus Cincinnati became at once a shipping-point in the river trade and a market town for the new settlements. This character she kept for many years. She grew richer and larger each season. Her steam-boats crowded the river and her stores lined the levees. In time she became the great power of the Ohio Valley and the busy gateway of the still newer West.

After that the railroads came, and sent the steam-boats into almost total bankruptcy. The men who had gained wealth in the river trade put their money into railroads, manufactures, and other enterprises, and left the river to coal barges, canal-boats, and an occasional mail packet.

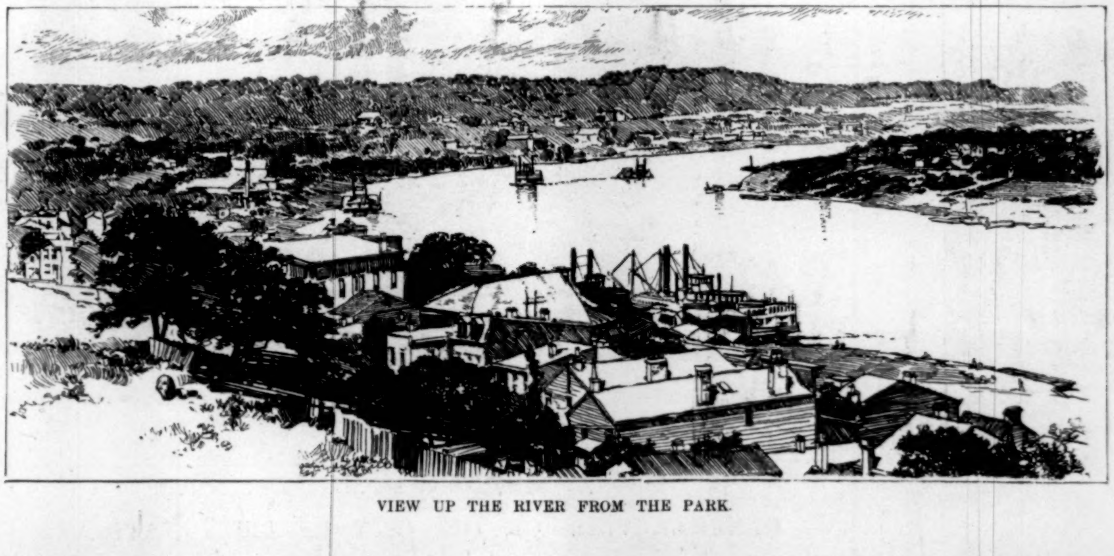
With the start that the river had given her, Cincinnati made excellent headway under the new arrangement. As the railroads opened Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana to the farmer, Cincinnati profited by the business of the increasing rural population. Her manufactured goods found a paying market at home, while in exchange she got great quantities of grain, hay, and stock. To the farmers of the neighboring country Cincinnati owes her distinction as a pork packer. That distinction too belongs to the past, for although Cincinnati packs as much pork as she ever did, Kansas City packs so much more that the distinction has faded into a tradition. Cincinnati still claims preeminence, however, as a manufacturer of coffins and cheap buggies. She does not boast of material superiority now, because her achievements speak for her, and also because she is busy building fine houses, beautifying her suburbs, and improving the condition of her streets. This the people are well able to do, as the bulk of their wealth is invested at home. The Cincinnati man's love for a fine house in a good location has given the city the best suburbs in the country. Enclosing the city on two sides are high, steep bluffs, which stretch back into the country in a confusion of rolling hills. Macadamized roads wind around the hills with such easy grades that the handsome Kentucky horses, with which Cincinnati is so well supplied, go up and down them at a never-varying trot. Houses of beautiful design and substantial construction that loom through openings in the trees alone remind the visitor that he is not miles away in the quietest of country roads instead of within rifle-shot of the city's busiest streets. Nearly all the handsome houses are on the bluffs. Some of them overlook the city itself, while others get a glimpse of a quiet view extending miles up the river, where a noble sweep of the yellow water merges itself into the purple and gray of the Kentucky Highlands. With one exception, Cincinnati has shown more taste and liberality in the construction of private houses than in the erection of public buildings. That one exception is the new Chamber of Commerce, the last work of the dead RICHARDSON. It stands at Third and Vine streets, on the brow of the steepest ascent of Vine Street. Down the hill a little way the best view of the magnificent side of the big pile is obtained. The granite, although not in as large blocks as the massiveness of the design seems to warrant, gives that solid effect that is so noticeable a feature of RICHARDSON'S work. Despite the exquisite beauty of the building, envious local architects make bold to criticise it by saying that the interior will be dark. I do not see how this can be, as the building faces on two streets and a wide lane.

MR. ALBERT NETTER'S HOUSE.

There may be people, however, who do not appreciate the new Chamber of Commerce, just as they fail to realize the remarkable beauty of the TYLER DAVIDSON fountain in Fountain Square. The fountain is, to my mind, the best thing of the kind in America. While leisurely studying it one morning I got into conversation with a casual visitor who, it seemed, was something of a traveller.



ON THE RIVER FRONT.



VIEW UP THE RIVER FROM THE PARK.

"Cincinnati may well be proud of this fountain," said I; "it is the most beautiful thing in the country."

"Yes," he returned, in a severely critical tone of voice, "it is rather a fair sort of fountain. Still, there are just as good, if not better, fountains in other cities. I've travelled a good deal, you see, and I know these things when I see them."

"Indeed?" said I. "Will you kindly name a few fountains that are as good as this?"

"Well, I can't just call them off like the price of wheat, but I know there are plenty of them, because I've seen them. I've been as far East as Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and I'm going to Kansas City next week."

"So, you've seen plenty of fountains as good as this one? I wouldn't have thought it. May I ask where you live?"

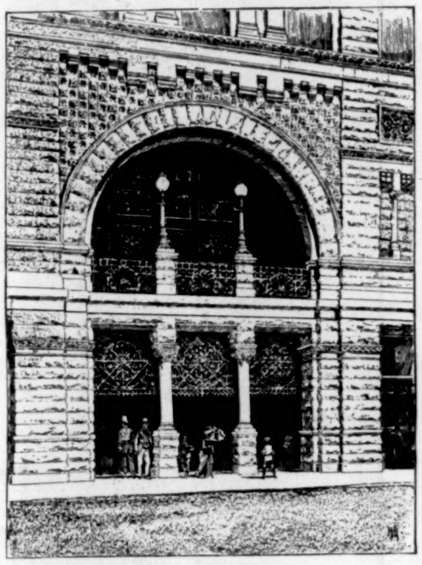
"Me? Why, I live in Hicksville."

"And where, pray, is Hicksville?"

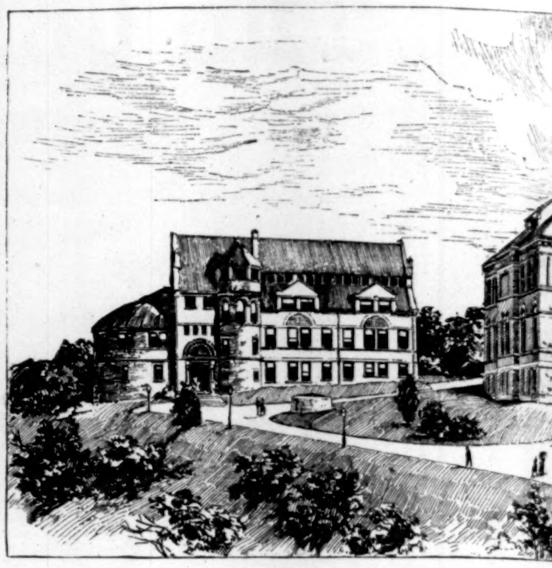
He gasped. "Why, don't you know? Hicksville's in Ohio. But it isn't a very big place, that's a fact."

With nothing more than the fountain and the new Chamber of Commerce building Cincinnati could well claim unusual distinction; but there are other things that do a share toward rounding out and completing her reputation. As a government building, her Post-office structure has few superiors outside of Washington. The commodiousness and convenience of its interior are more

LINCOLN CLUB.



DOORWAY OF COURT-HOUSE.



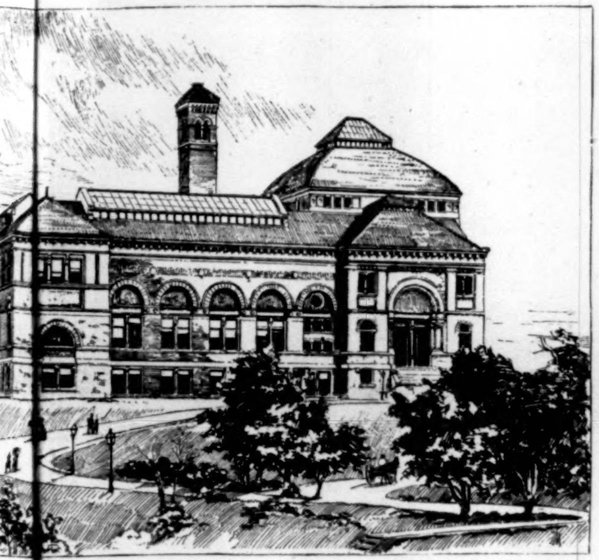
ART SCHOOL ON LEFT,

VIEW FRO

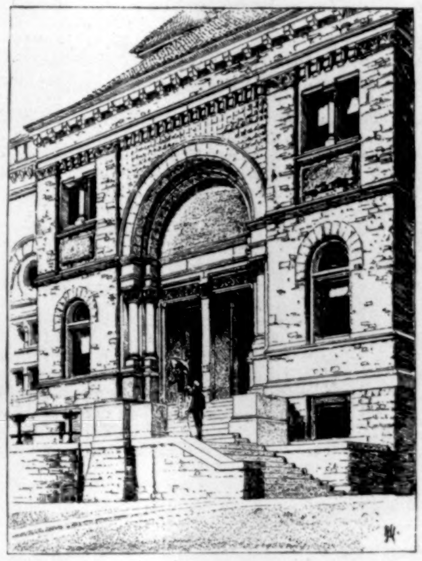
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

RESIDENCE OF MR. ALEXANDER McDONALD.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF CINCINNATI AND CHARACTERIS

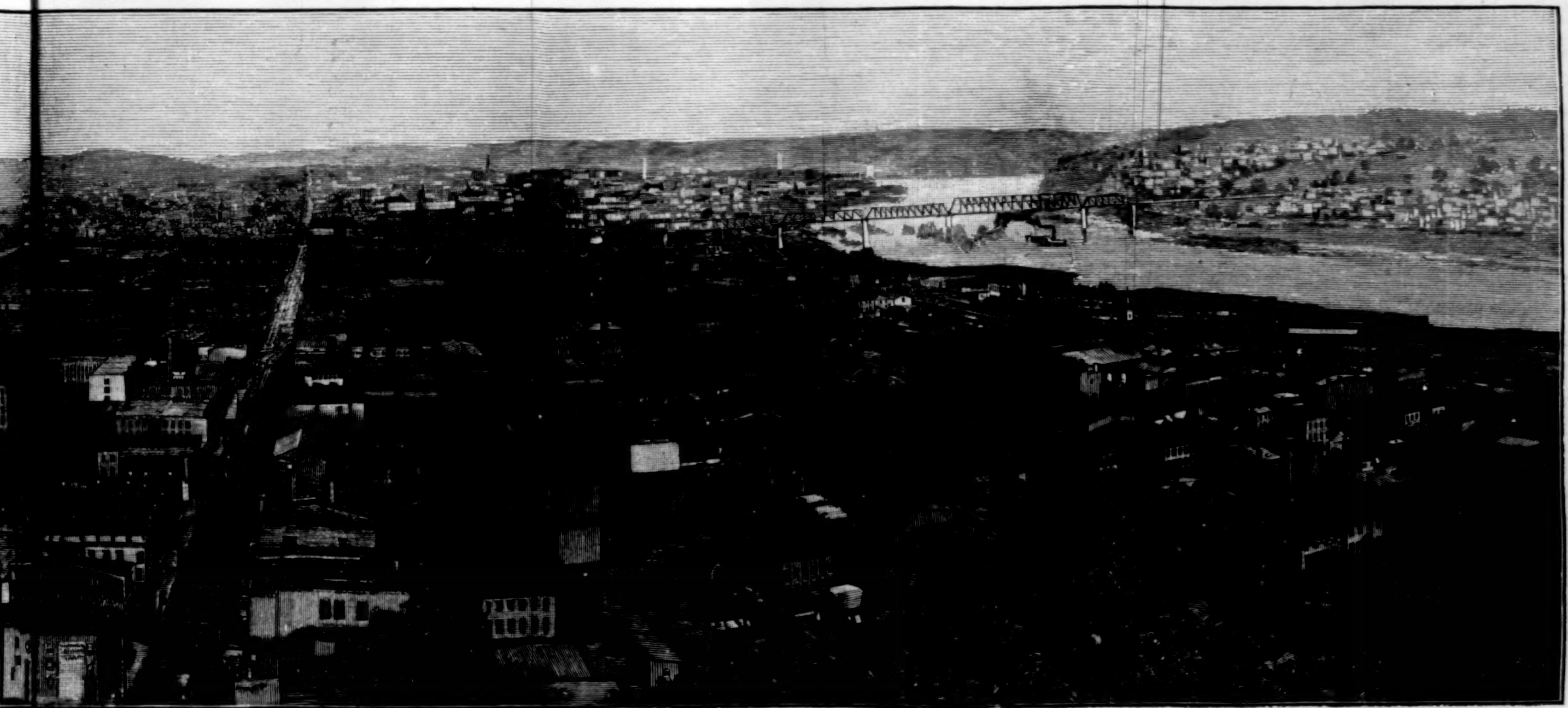


FT, ART MUSEUM ON RIGHT.

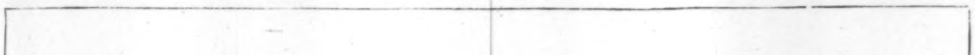


ENTRANCE TO ART MUSEUM.

POST-OFFICE AND GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



ROM PINE HILL.



QUEEN CITY CLUB.

COURT-HOUSE.

ISTIC TYPES OF ITS ARCHITECTURE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR.